



MR. MENOTTI'S FEST

THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 13 July 1960



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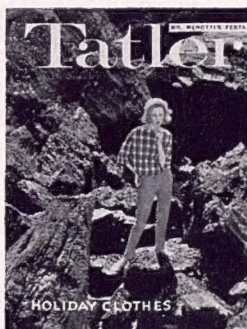
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NIGHT LIFE—A WEEKLY REPORT

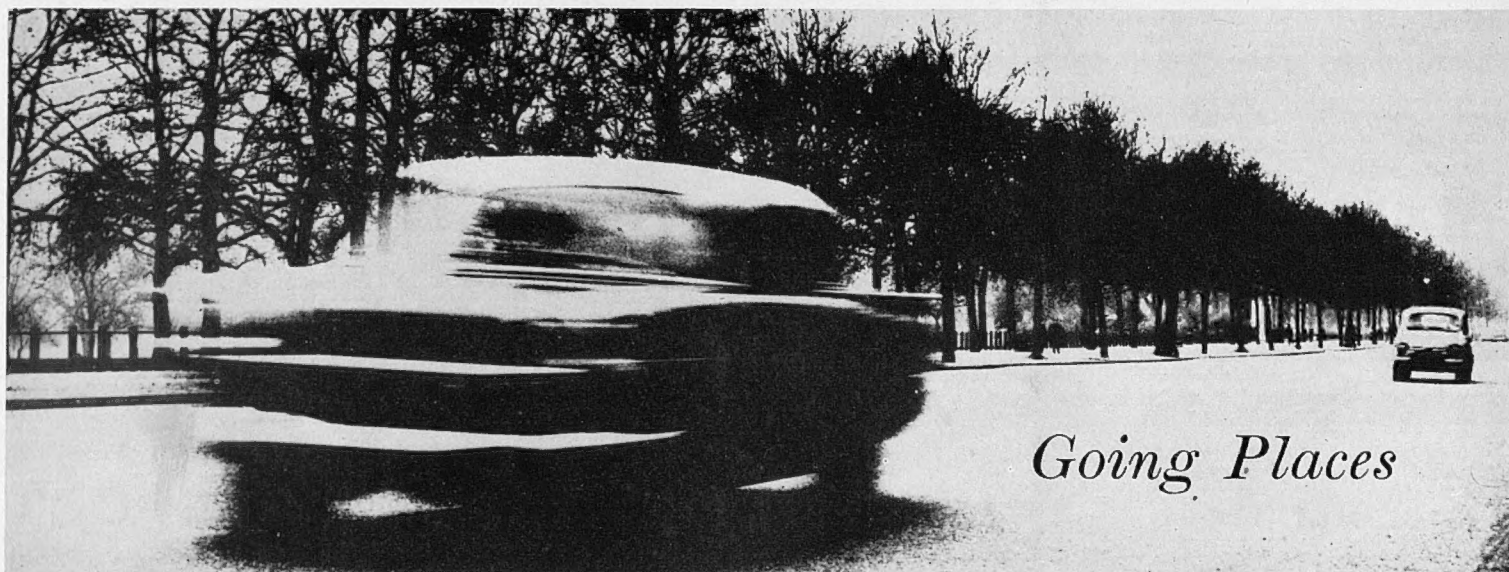


On the rocks but in the swim with a checked cotton jester shirt and tapered pants in corded cotton (both by Frederica and available from Simpson, Piccadilly W.1; the shirt £2 12s. 6d., the pants 3 gns.). Photographed on the Devon coast by DAVID OLINS. For more holiday clothes turn to page 73

CONTINUING the striking widening of its range that has set people talking about The Tatler in recent months, another new feature is introduced this week. An extra section is added to Going Places to report the changing world of late-night entertainment. Called *Going Places Late*, it is contributed by Douglas Sutherland, who is young enough not to mind being described as a veteran of the night spots. His brief is to show us around, review the new cabarets, keep us posted on what's on and who's there. He begins (page 47) with a report on the repercussions of Sammy Davis's recent season at the Pigalle, which may lure other late-night stars. . . .

Gian-Carlo Menotti, the Italian composer, directs a sort of Aldeburgh Festival of his own in the Umbrian village of Spoleto. It is now firmly established and its third annual run, distinguished by the New American Ballets, has just ended. For a full photographic report of this picturesque event, by Pat Morin and others, see *Mr. Menotti's festival* (page 62 onwards). . . . Spoleto, incidentally, would be delightful with or without a festival if only because of its traditional Italian architecture. Compare the pictures with Jaedell's *Mosaic in Modern*, which dramatically demonstrates the entirely new look that contemporary building techniques are giving to cities. The examples illustrated are from London, but they look the same all over the world (page 68). . . . For something more familiarly English there is the Henley Royal Regatta (page 53) and a deb dance at Sutton Place (page 56)—though Mr. Getty, who owns the Place, is admittedly American. Muriel Bowen, accompanied by Tom Hustler, went along to record the coming-out, at which Mr. Getty was joint-host, of Miss Jeannette Constable-Maxwell. . . . A further exploration of Englishness is conducted by Monica Furlong, still reeling from a study of the British Travel & Holiday Association's calendar for visitors. There is a famous guide in Zurich who gets a regular laugh from tourists by telling them that they are about to watch a performance of Swiss yodelling songs and Alpine horn music "*which we only put on for the tourists because we don't like them.*" This seems to apply equally to some of the extraordinary quaintnesses discovered by Miss Furlong in *This precious England* (page 67). . . .

Next week: Be prepared for amber. . . .



Going Places

SOCIAL

Garden Party, today, 2.30-6.30, at The Holme, Regent's Park, in aid of Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies.

Game Fair, Castle Howard, 15 & 16 July.

Household Brigade Regatta, 17 July at 2 p.m., Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead.

Musical Soirée, 21 July, Wilbraham House, S.W.1 (lent by Sir Henry & Lady Price). Tickets: 2 gns. from Col. Clarke, Victoria League, Chessham Place, S.W.1.

Gala Performance *The Journey of Soy*, 21 July, Empire Pool, Wembley. Tickets: 10s. 6d. to 10 gns. from the Girl Guides Association, P.O. Box 269, 17/19 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

Night of 100 Stars, 21 July, midnight, at London Palladium, in aid of Ivor Novello Charities. Tickets: 3 gns. to 15 gns. from Mr. C. Harris, Palladium (GER 7373).

Cliveden Garden Party & Fete, Maidenhead, 30 July, 2.30-5.30, in aid of Bucks & Berks St. John Ambulance Association & St. John

Ambulance Brigade. Entrance: 1s. adults, 6d. children, 2s. 6d. cars.

Grand Gala, Summer Sporting Club, Monte Carlo, 5 August, in aid of the Monte Carlo Red Cross.

SPORT & SHOWS

A.A.A. Championships, White City, 15, 16 July.

Cricket: Middlesex v. South Africans, Lord's, 16-19 July. Fourth Test Match, England v. South Africa (Old Trafford), 21-26 July.

Golf: Scottish Amateur Championship, Carnoustie, Angus, 18-23 July.

Sailing & Rowing: R.O.R.C. Cowes-Dinard race, 15 July, West Mersea-Skegen, 16 July. Maidenhead River Festival, 16 July. R.N. Sailing Association Regatta, Southsea, 16 July.

Tennis: Inter-Counties Tennis Week, Exmouth, 18 July.

Motor Racing: British International Grand Prix, Silverstone, 16 July.

Polo: First rounds, Harrison & Holden White Cups, Cowdray Park, 16, 17 July; Aldershot v. Ham, Double Yews v. Meadowsides, Ham, 17 July.

Shows. Royal International Horse Show, White City, 18-23 July. Peterborough Agricultural Show, 19-21 July; Royal Welsh Agricultural Show, Welshpool, 20-22 July.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *La Bohème* (with Victoria de los Angeles), 7.30 p.m. tonight & 16 July (end of opera season). (COV 1066.)

Festival Ballet, Royal Festival Hall, opens 18 July. (WAT 3191.)

Royal Albert Hall: Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, 7.30 p.m. (including Sundays) to 17 July. Matinee 3 p.m. Saturday. (KEN 8212.)

Kenwood Lakeside Symphony Concert (final), 8 p.m., 16 July.

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, start 23 July.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly, to 14 August.

Picasso (retrospective), Tate Gallery, to 18 September.

Picasso (Blue Period pastels & drawings, 1945 bronzes), O'Hana Gallery, Carlos Place, W.1, to 28 July.

Ceri Richards, Whitechapel Gallery, E.1, to 28 July.

FESTIVALS

Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music, to 15 July.

Hintlesham Festival, Hintlesham Hall, Ipswich, 15 July-1 August.

Haslemere Festival of Early Chamber Music, 16-23 July.

Hallé Festival, Harrogate, 18-23 July.

OPEN AIR PLAYS

Summer Drama Festival. Plays by Elizabethan & Jacobean authors.

Stratford-on-Avon, 18 July-6 August.

"King Lear" at the National Trust Open Air Theatre, Polesden Lacey, near Dorking. 14-16 July.

FIRST NIGHTS

St. Martin's Theatre. *The Brides Of March*. Tonight.

Queen's Theatre. *Joie De Vivre*. 14 July.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 82.

The Visit. "... a display of brilliant acting virtuosity... the production is continuously alive with little technical triumphs of its own." Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne (Royalty Theatre, HOL 8004).

GOING PLACES TO EAT

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Pier Hotel Restaurant, 31 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. (FLA 3800.) C.S. A table in the window, the river below, the Festival Gardens' lights in the trees beyond—this is one of London's more pleasant places on a hot summer's evening. The Regency atmosphere has been re-created with skill. The food, mostly grills, is well-cooked and the meat of high quality. The fruit is good, the cream could be thicker. Wines include an admirable Steinwein. W.B.

The Bridge, 25 Basil Street. (KEN 1723.) C.S. As you walk through the door the Bridge seems to enfold you in the amiable atmosphere that goes with good eating. Here is English cooking of the highest quality, married to good wines and elegance. If you belong to the "I never bother to book a table" school—stay away. The three-course dinner for 21s. 6d. is good value, but if you order *à la carte* do not miss the omelette or the pineapple with apricot sauce. W.B.

Virginia's, 31 Dover Street, W.1. (MAY 5134.) C.S. This restaurant is run by a woman, Virginia Hamilton, hence its name. There are a number of special dishes, mostly based on veal, chicken and steak, and an excellent chicken curry at lunchtime on Thursdays, with all the trimmings. Décor is pleasant, the atmosphere restful.

Travelling south

Chaumont. Unless you have a particular interest in fine gloves, this crowded town with its imposing old walls will not keep you long, but it is a good stopping place on the Reims-Dijon-Lyon road, a fast way south. The railway hotel, Terminus-Reine, is modern and comfortable with good food in its busy restaurant.

This is the last of my suggestions for travellers across France. Next week I shall return to the roads of Britain.



Margarita Smirnova and Georgii Farmanyants are two members of the Bolshoi Ballet company dancing at the Albert Hall until 17 July

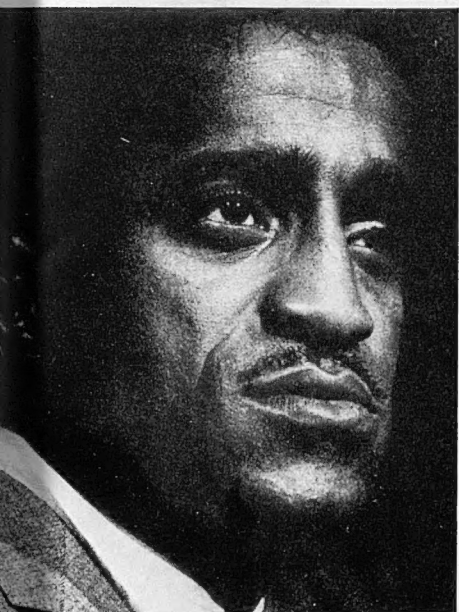
Introducing . . .

GOING PLACES LATE

by Douglas Sutherland

THE INVASION BY SAMMY DAVIS jnr. is long past but his impact lingers on among London club-owners and late-night restaurateurs. Should they now try to follow Mr.

LEWIS MORLEY



SAMMY DAVIS JNR. *Who's next—Frank Sinatra . . . Eartha Kitt . . .?*

Al Burnett's lead and go after top-line names to entertain their customers? They would not have contemplated such an expensive policy when it was first rumoured that Mr. Burnett (who owns the Stork Room as well as the Pigalle) was planning to entice "Mr. Wonderful" from the lucrative New York-Hollywood-Las Vegas circuit. Then it was generally considered that this was a coup not even gambler Burnett would be able to pull off. In the event Mr. Davis came, sang, danced, played the drums, did impersonations and conquered. The customers packed out a twice-nightly session at the Pigalle every night of the week, including Sunday—and at 500 dinners a session this is business in any part of the world.

Hitherto places like the Latin Quarter, Talk of the Town and the Pigalle itself have relied on the lush presentation of long-legged show-girls rather than on international star names to bring in the out-of-town visitors. And the star names have so far found it financially to

their advantage to stay on the other side of the Atlantic. Will there now be a general digging into pockets to bring them across? The irrepressible Mr. Burnett thinks this will certainly be the shape of things to come, and he is reported as having offered to negotiate for the services of Frank Sinatra. For, he tells me, the Pigalle policy in the future will be to create a sort of culinary Palladium.

For my own part I think this would be a mistake. Though Sammy Davis received ecstatic public notices, there was some harsh private criticism, particularly by those who had booked early and found themselves unceremoniously hustled out to make room for the second wave half way through the evening. I can understand the economics that make such a procedure expedient but I seriously doubt whether there are enough entertainers of the calibre to make indigestion and canteen eating conditions acceptable as a way of life.

Besides, look what happened to the old Café de Paris. This was a top-class food-and-drink establishment which also relied on international names—from Coward to Dietrich. Admittedly the comparison has weaknesses, because the Café was not only smaller, but it was also a unique example of Robin Hoodism in reverse: the profits accruing from the Mecca dance-halls' two-bob customers must have gone a long way to subsidizing the pleasures of the Café de Paris habitués. But I doubt whether there is anywhere in London today with the capacity to provide the best of both worlds—gracious eating and famous performers (Eartha Kitt is being mentioned).

Incidentally, I have nothing but praise for the shows at the big dinner-dance restaurants—variously described as "lavish," "spectacular" and "fabulous," according to advertising whim. They do in fact provide a good, easy-to-watch entertainment to accompany a reasonably inexpensive dinner-dance night out. Top of my list in this category is Talk of the Town (but make sure you don't sit too near the deafening band).



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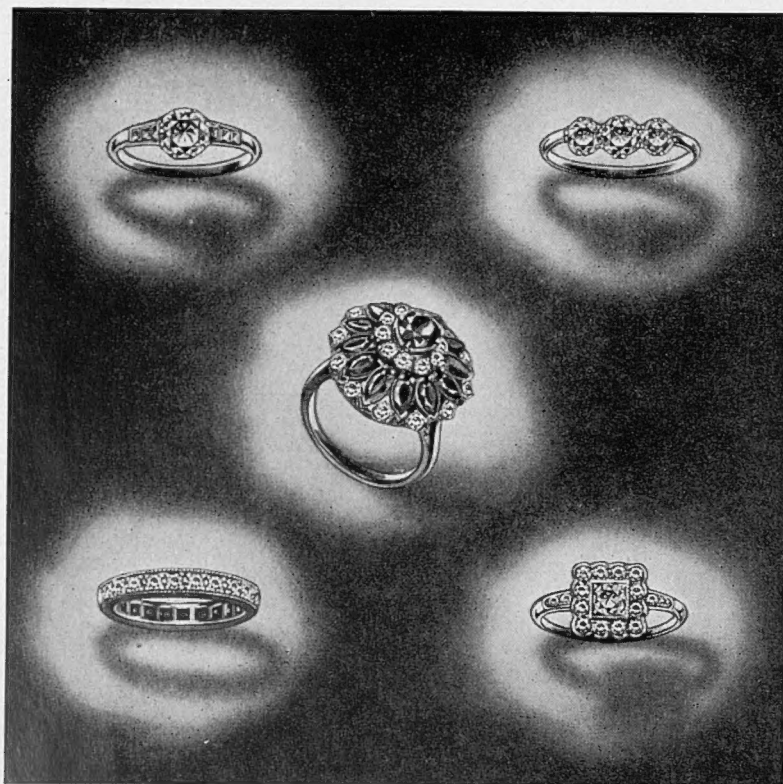
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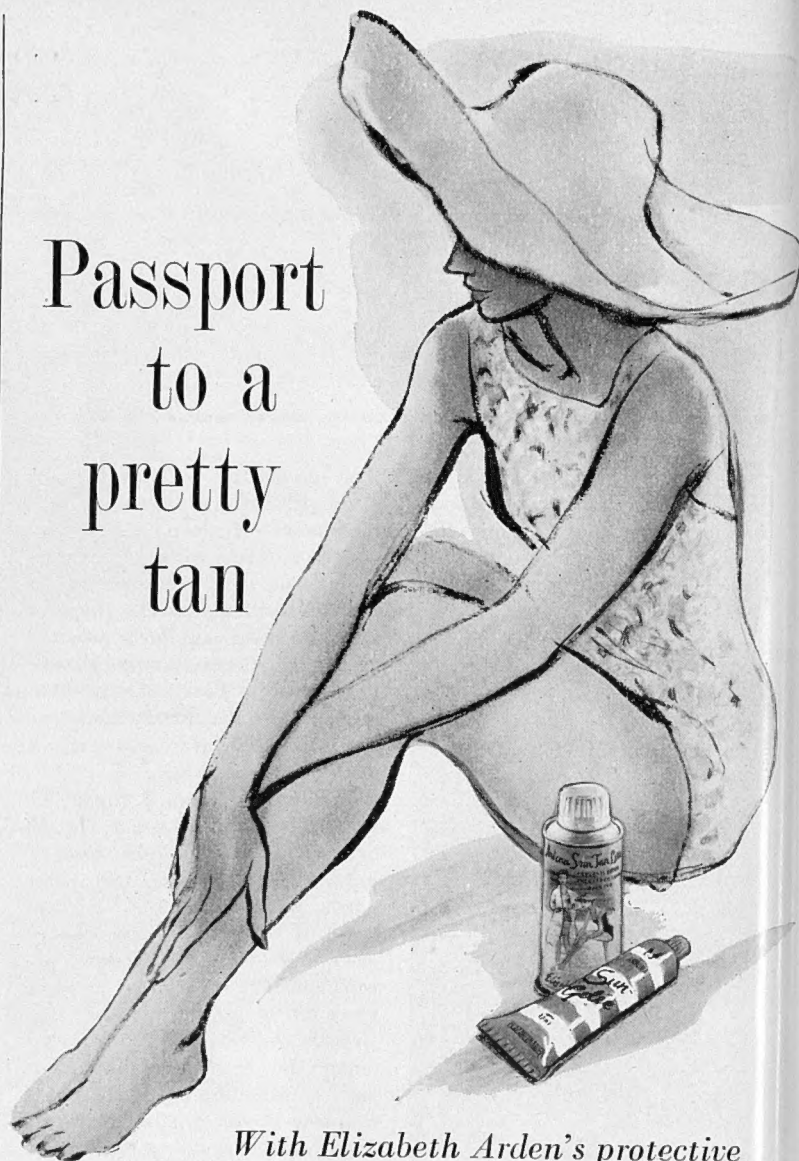


The arena is set in a hollow in the hills. Competitors and spectators mingle freely on the field. Highland Games are great family affairs, when the kilt is worn proudly to proclaim the link between generations. Jackets and kilts are cut by Paisleys, a long established firm with a traditional experience in supplying correct highland dress. A colour brochure illustrating their service will be sent on request.

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GOING PLACES ABROAD

by Doone Beal

Taking a leaf from the Latins

*Breeze ripples the water and yachtsmen of
St. Moritz look forward to August; the
regatta lasts a week from the 7th*



IF OUR Mediterranean summers repeat themselves on last year's pattern—if our holidays abroad may soon have quite a different object from hot sun at any price. Perhaps we shall adopt the Latin habit of retiring to the mountains and hills, where there is a dry sparkle with the heat and, possibly, even snow. Venetians fleeing the heat flock to the Dolomite resort of Cortina in August and early September, while the tourists flock to Venice. There is usually an international motor rally and also an ice hockey championship in Cortina at this time of year, but its pleasures are not limited to these. It is an amusing, sophisticated and altogether delightful little town with a lively night life, lovely shops, and, being in the heart of the Dolomites, some of the most grand, beautiful country in Italy.

St. Moritz, also, has a summer season, with much emphasis on golf: the Swiss Interclubs golf championship, played on the Engadine course, starts on 24 July, and other competitions continue through August to mid-September. The sailing regatta of St. Moritz goes on from 7 to 14 August, and life at the Palace Hotel goes gaily

on throughout winter and summer.

One of the few places where one can actually ski in summer is Cervinia, on the Italian side of the Matterhorn. At 6,745 feet, it borders the limits of the glacier and a cable lift takes one sufficiently high, not only for a staggering view over France, Switzerland and Italy, but also to one of the best of all ski runs: 15 kilometres over the border and into Zermatt. Compared with St. Moritz and Cortina, Cervinia is definitely quiet, though this in itself is a virtue for many people. It has two excellent hotels, the Cervinia and the Gran Baita, plus another, the Belvedere, up at the first cable station. From Cervinia, one can walk or motor in the glorious Aosta valley, perhaps to the interesting old town of Aosta itself, with its lively markets in the Piazza Chanoux and its Roman theatre, or over to Courmayeur, where one might sensibly investigate the prospects for next winter's ski-ing.

Although Cervinia's night life is not sufficiently distracting to interfere with one's eight-hour quota of sleep, Saint Vincent, farther down in the foothills, has one of Italy's few casinos. Saint Vincent

is a gay little spa with lots of hotels; a spectacular one, just outside the town, is called the Billia. I rarely enthuse over big resort hotels, but this one is special. It has been newly decorated in the best Italian gilt and marble tradition, with quite super bedrooms; the casino is part of it, and it also has its own night club. The food runs to exotic sauces and pastry with a definite French accent. This area is famous, also, for its wines, not only the classical Barolo and Barbera, but the slightly sparkling Freisa and the spumantis of Asti; and an interesting, slightly resinated white wine called Caluso that goes well with mountain air. B.E.A.'s new direct flight to Turin (Sundays and Thursdays: £40 10s. return) makes this whole Aosta region newly accessible, at only a couple of hours' drive from the airport.

August/September is the season for Salsomaggiore, a spa second only in importance to Montecatini. I have never been much attracted to spas, imagining them to be peopled with hypochondriacs and wheel-chair cases. However, the gaiety of Salsomaggiore gives the lie to any such idea. Here we may have the cure, but the cause is equally

available. Night clubs and numerous restaurants compete for the patronage of a largely French, Swiss and Italian clientele; so far, not many British or Americans go there so that even if people were discussing their ailments at the next table, you'd probably never know. Salsomaggiore, lying in the Apennine foothills between Milan and Parma, is an immensely pretty town. It had the advantage of growing up, all of a piece, about the middle of the last century when the properties of its iodine waters were first discovered. It is charmingly planned and landscaped with trees and fountains and flowers. There are little crescents full of elegant boutiques, and I thought the clothes in them better and cheaper than those in Milan.

There are, among some 48 hotels of varying categories, four first-class ones of super service and great comfort, of which I thought the Porro one of the nicest. And, based on the Parmesan tradition, this whole area is, gastronomically, one of the most famous in Italy.

Salsomaggiore can be reached by electric railway from Milan, to which the B.E.A. night flight is £24 15s., day flight £33 15s.



TOM HUSTLER

zu Castell-Rüdenhausen—Huntington-Whiteley: Victoria, daughter of the late Graf Friedrich-Wolfgang zu Castell-Rüdenhausen & Grafin zu Castell-Rüdenhausen, married Miles, son of Capt. Sir Maurice & Lady Margaret Huntington-Whiteley, at the Queen's Chapel at St. James, Marlborough Gate. *Back:* Count Bertram zu Castell-Rüdenhausen, the Hon. Charles Cecil, the bride and groom, Sir Maurice Huntington-Whiteley, Prince Castell. *Centre:* Princess Castell, Princess Alexandra, Lady Margaret Huntington-Whiteley, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Princess Alice, Miss Patricia Gould. *Front:* Miss Pamela Wilson, Emma Russell, Rupert Rutherford, Christian de Falbe, Rose de Falbe and Miss Jennifer Himely



BARRY SWAEBE

de Marffy-Mantuano—Fuchs: Edina, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Thomas de Marffy-Mantuano, of London, married Patrick, son of M. & Mme. Georges Fuchs, of Avenue Friedland, Paris, at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street



STEPHENS ORR

Lang—Howell: Patricia, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. Russell Lang, White House of Milliken, Brookfield, Renfrewshire, married David, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. Ian Howell, Hurtwood House, near Reigate, Surrey, at Glasgow Cathedral

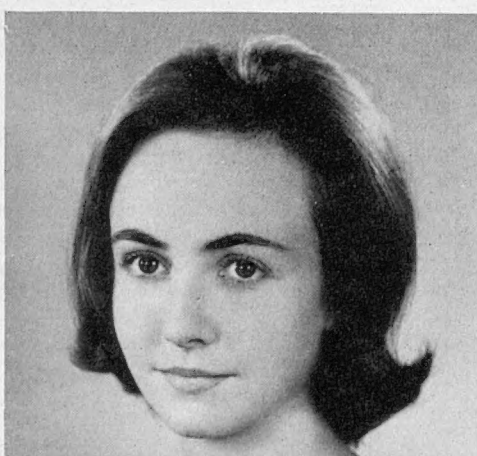
Weddings

Engagements



MADAME YEYONDE

Miss Félicia Guépin to Count Ernst Abensperg und Traun. She is the daughter of Mr. F. A. C. Guépin, & of Mme. Guépin-Stancioff, of Albert Court, S.W.7. He is the son of Count & Countess Ferdinand Abensperg und Traun, Vienna



Miss Mary Dawn Mackenzie Illingworth to Viscount Reidhaven. She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Henry Illingworth, of Gloucester Square, London, W.2. He is the only son of the late Mr. Derek Ogilvie-Grant Studley-Herbert, and of the Countess of Seafeld, of Cullen

TOM HUSTLER



R. WOODWARD

Miss Margaret Craig to Capt. Gordon Crumley, The Middlesex Regiment (D.C.O.). She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. D. Craig, Cairnsmore, Fleet, Hampshire. He is the son of the late Mr. W. A. Crumley, and of Mrs. Crumley, of Ealing

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HENLEY without the Royal



Old hands in the Stewards' Enclosure (above) argued about how many years it was since Royalty attended the Royal Regatta, which had hoped to attract Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones. (Last time was in 1946.) Among this year's visitors were Mr. Armstrong-Jones, snr., and his wife (above right). Blazers abounded and in full traditional rig was Mr. M. J. Long of the Thames Rowing Club (above left), with Mrs. R. V. Grover and Miss Susan Grover



HENLEY

without the Royal CONTINUED

A late-duty man sits alone, guarding the entrance to the tents where the boats are stored overnight.
Below: The St. Edward's eight limber up for the Princess Elizabeth Cup semi-final



Mr. & Mrs. C. M. Featherston, who are both rowing enthusiasts

Above right: Girls of Gillotts School, Henley, appropriately in boaters

Mr. C. A. Willis, who was president of the Oxford University Boat Club in 1904

MURIEL BOWEN reports

WHEN it comes to atmosphere and charm I reckon none of the hardy annuals on the social calendar can quite match Henley Royal Regatta. There are the boats, sweeping past like sleek ribbons of colour, their oars striking the water with precision and punch. There is the garden-party atmosphere with mown lawns, the band of the Life Guards, the tea-tables with their gay cloths, and hydrangeas and geraniums by the bankful. And there are the blazers of the men and the summer dresses of the women.

I asked **Viscount Bruce of Melbourne** if the Regatta had changed much over the years. "Oh, I should say so, it goes on improving all the time," was his comment. Lord Bruce is the most distinguished and venerable-looking of veteran oarsmen. He rowed with the winning Cambridge eight in 1904, and 20-odd years later he became Prime Minister of Australia.

Australians have made even more of an impact on Henley than they have on Lord's or Wimbledon. Indeed an Australian High Commissioner in London today has got to be able to discuss sport with the same skilful know-how that he brings to talks on the price of wool. **Sir Eric Harrison**, the present High Commissioner, rowed successfully over the Henley reaches in 1919, and he and **Lady Harrison** were at the Regatta on finals day (having watched Neale Fraser win Wimbledon the day before). They cheered **Mr. Stuart Mackenzie** to success in the Diamond Sculls for the fourth successive year.

I saw women young and old gaze admiringly at Mackenzie as he went out to practice.



The fair by the Thames proved the usual big draw after the day's rowing. E. L. Arnold, Westminster School's cox, went along with colleagues. Westminster had been beaten that day so their strict training had lapsed

for *Brickwork* in bold lettering was on the back of his vest. "A present Princess Grace's brother," he said, holding an oar in the water. Certainly anzie is one of the sights of the place. Though this is Olympic year the Diamonds seem to me to capture the enthusiasm of the crowd to the extent that the Eights I sought expert opinion, but it is hard to come by at Henley. All those splendidly dressed old oarsmen in their boaters are an uncommunicative lot.

The two fastest-ever English eights met in the final of the Grand, Moseley and Oxford University—the first all-British final for 11 years. Moseley's boatload of giants won, with the incisive stroking of Mr. Christopher Davidge the great talking-point in the informal discussion about Olympic prospects that went on in the marquees afterwards. This Old Etonian, the only Blue in the boat, was in Oxford's winning boat of 1952.

Mr. Jock Whitney, the United States Ambassador, was there to present the cups, including the Thames Challenge Cup to his old university, Harvard. Mr. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, Q.C., soberly clad in dark clothes, brought his young wife. Others watching the racing were Mr. H. R. N. Rickett, chairman of the 1960 Committee, Miss Diana Gilbey, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Dodds-Parker, and Dr. Brian Lake. Still more were Lord & Lady Cottesloe, Miss Isabel Touche, Lt.-Col. A. F. R. Williams, and 2½-year-old David Allen (mascot of the Maidenhead Rowing Club) with fringe,

boater, white trousers and, of course, a Stewards' Enclosure badge.

I ran the gauntlet of pink socks to reach the office of Mr. A. L. Alexander. He's the secretary, the man responsible for the incredible efficiency of the place, something that reaches right down to the luncheon marquees. He provided the statistics to back up what Lord Bruce had told me: "More public schools are rowing each year for the Princess Elizabeth Cup. More members of the Stewards' Enclosure too—we've gone from about 700 in 1947 to more than 2,000 today."

THE GETTY MARATHON

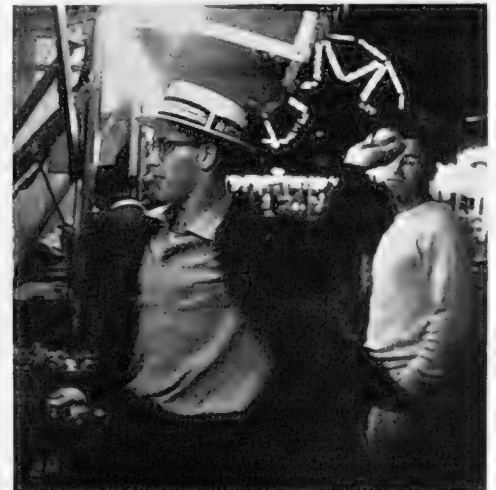
It was 1 a.m. when I arrived at the party given by Mr. Paul Getty at Sutton Place, the Surrey estate which he bought last year from the Duke of Sutherland. I met Lord Bossom and Sir Victor & Lady Sassoon on the avenue—leaving. They'd been among the earlier arrivals, some of whose cars had been queuing outside 15 minutes before the party was due to start! Even when I arrived there were still more people going in than coming out.

The party, as everybody knows by now, was given jointly by Mr. Getty and Capt. Ian Constable Maxwell—Mr. Getty to warm his house, Capt. Constable Maxwell to launch his daughter, Jeannette. Miss Constable Maxwell, almost Spanish-looking with her dark hair and big eyes, is an only child. But she's got oodles of first cousins, one of whom is married to Brigadier the Hon. Miles

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Mr. Jim Leigh, Mr. Roger Mills, Mr. Eddy Leigh, Mr. Keith Brown and (at the windows) other members of the Worcester College (Oxford) Buskins, who put on the Regatta Week revue. Below: Mr. Bob Walker, Jr., of Detroit Rowing Club



Fitzalan-Howard (who will in all probability be the next Duke of Norfolk).

Mr. Getty told me: "I've worked very hard all day getting things ready, fixing the weather, everything. All I want now is for Jeannette and her young friends to enjoy themselves." I think you could say his hopes were realized.

I found processions of people walking through the house, among them **Prince William of Gloucester** (he came on from a dinner party given by the Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor), **Sir Ralph & Lady Marnham**, **Lady Elwes**, the **Hon. Lionel & Lady Helen Berry**, **Baron Elie de Rothschild** (over from France to play polo at Cowdray Park), **Sir Aubrey & Lady Burke**, and **Mr. Huntington Hartford**, who had a dinner party beforehand at his house in Red Lion Mews. They were mostly looking rather than dancing, looking at Mr. Getty's collection of pictures which are shown off to advantage in the roomy loftiness of Sutton Place.

I met **Mr. Lloyd Gilmer**, the American banker, and his wife, who were flying back to New York a few hours later for a party they were giving the same day. I also met **Sir Robert & Lady Muir Mackenzie** resting their feet in the library. "I think the dancing is about to start by the swimming pool," she told me. "I've just met a piano on wheels being escorted along the path by four young men."

This is how the party developed:

1.30 a.m.: Queuing for supper outside the dining-room (except **Mr. Rory & Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall**, who manoeuvred almost to the top and had the shortest wait of all). **Miss Odile Gommès** (her leg in plaster as the result of a riding accident) was ushered in by a side door.

2.30 a.m.: There was excitement at the swimming pool. A *Daily Mail* photographer was pushed into the water. Other photographers (who were numerous) set off in chase of the suspect, **Mr. John Ropner**. But the real culprit had already been led away by a fast-thinking girl friend.

3.0 a.m.: Back at the dining-room the queue was lengthening—it was difficult to move from the tables (set with gold candelabra, each one topped with a vase of mauve and pink sweet peas). "What is there to eat when we do get in?" asked **Vicomtesse d'Orthez**. The **Duke of Rutland** went round to the pantry door for a look, but a footman mistook his motives and told him that he would have to get to the back of the queue. A few young people started to chant: "*Come on All Ye Faithful*." That did it. The queue started to shuffle forward.

3.45 a.m.: People starting to go home. **Mr. & Mrs. John Trethowan** were keeping a close eye on their daughter **Nicky**, who had managed to get "lost" for several hours.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

Prince William of Gloucester, who had just come back from Italy, and Miss Judy Mortagu



GUESTS OF Mr. GETTY

at the celebrated housewarming he gave at Sutton Place.

It was also a coming-out dance for Miss Jeannette Constable

Maxwell, whose father was joint-host at this all-nighter



One of the dance floors was laid beside the swimming pool, which figured largely during the evening; at least one photographer fell in plus camera

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM HUSTLER



Jeannette Constable Maxwell, flanked by her father, Ian Ian Constable Maxwell, and Mr. Paul Getty, greets Mr. Charles English



Earl & Countess Beatty were among guests who had dinner at Sutton Place before the dance started



Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Aviation, dancing with the Duchess of Sutherland, who used to live at Sutton Place

Mr. Brian Sweeny, son of the Duchess of Argyll and Mr. Charles Sweeny, dancing with Miss Frances Skene

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

"She has a temperature of 102 and she should be in her bed," said Mrs. Trethowan. **Lt.-Col. Harry & the Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn** were thinking about their daughter. "She's not due to come out for 14 years, but I shall never be able to give her a party as splendid as this," said Col. Llewellyn.

4.25 a.m.: Mr. Getty got some supper. Plates of lobster were taken to the library and he was joined by Mrs. **Penelope Kitson**, Mrs. **Alexander** from the U.S. and other friends. At the front door the Master of Ceremonies, directing cars by loudspeaker, was getting a little edgy. Over the microphone he called: "*Miss Caroline Nelson, if you're still here will you come to the front door—your friends are about to go home without you!*"

5 a.m.: Capt. Ian Constable Maxwell has a quiet breakfast of caviare, and bacon and eggs, in the dining-room with a few friends. I walked past the guttering torches in the pleasure grounds to the swimming pool. The hot dog caravan had closed down. The Guernsey cow had gone home. (She was for decorative purposes only; the milk in the chrome-and-glass containers on the milk & cheese bar wasn't hers.) The band, though, played old-fashioned waltzes and dancing continued on the mosaic floor. A solitary champagne glass on a cushion floated out into the pool. "I hope the dance goes on for hours and hours yet," said Miss Constable Maxwell.

5.45 a.m.: Another cluster of people forms outside the dining-room. Can't possibly be another queue? But it is—it's the breakfast queue. Eating is buffet-style at long refectory tables laden with Mr. Getty's gold plate. The faded red curtains have been parted and the tall windows are letting in the first of the morning sun. In the drawing-room the French Band were playing in their shirt sleeves. It was very warm—the central heating was on. Mr. **Brian Sweeney**, Miss **Jacky Trethowan**, and

Miss **Robina Lund** (a pretty circlet of diamonds in her hair) were among the 50 couples still on the floor. Mr. **Peter Bridgeman** and his sister were saying goodbye. Miss **Sarah Drummond** was sitting on the bonnet of a car at the front door waiting for her escort to take her home.

7.50 a.m.: The last of the guests left at 7.50. Their black Minicar was pushed down the drive by two of Mr. Getty's servants. The lights had been left on and it wouldn't start without a push.

EVE-OF-POLO PARTY

What fun these dances are—but what demolition sometimes results! Glasses galore were broken at the Getty do, and when **Sir John Barlow, Bt.,** Tory M.P. for Middleton & Prestwich, and his wife gave a dance at their Cheshire home, Bradwall Manor, it was the end of the **Hon. Lady Barlow's** antirrhinums. Not the guests' doing, though. The Barlow men—there are **Sir John & Lady Barlow's** sons, **John** and the twins **George and Mark**—decided that the best place for the marquee was plonk on top of the flower beds. So Lady Barlow's antirrhinums were ordered to the compost heap and the beds were levelled. Lady Barlow didn't seem to mind. "Getting a dancefloor down does make a bit of a mess," she told me, "but then when you give a dance you've got to take a lot of things in your stride."

Guests included **Col. Sir Douglas Glover, M.P., Lady Oakshott, Mr. Jack Temple, M.P., & Mrs. Temple**, and Mr. & Mrs. **Harold Woolley**. Mr. Woolley is the new chairman of the National Farmers' Union and it is one of the minor sights of Knightsbridge to see him arrive at his office in well-cut breeches after an early-morning ride. More of the guests were the **Hon. David & Mrs. Nall-Cain**, Miss **Jane Stockley**, the **Hon. Angus & Mrs. Campbell**, Miss **Christine Okell**, Miss **Edwina Hobson**, Miss **Miranda Burke**, Mr. and Mrs. **George Owen**, the **Hon. Jean Evans**

(daughter of the Queen's physician), who came with **Sir Randle & Lady Baker Wilbraham**, and the Barlows' daughter, **Jennifer**.

Supper was set in a second marquee where chairs covered in printed cretonne were grouped round small tables. There I met **Capt. Peter Deneys** (the host's nephew) & **Mrs. Deneys**. What a time they were having meeting cousins they hadn't seen for 20 years—and sorting out the family tree.

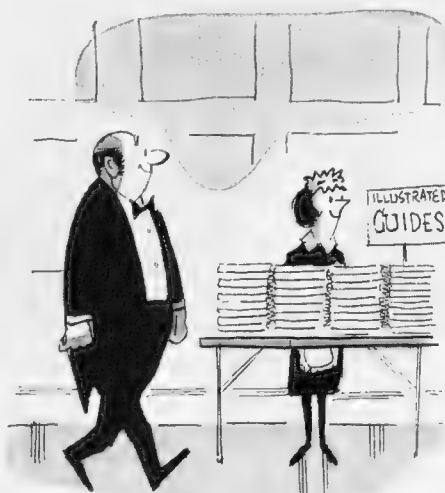
After such a good party I expected some wild hitting later in the day when the dancers took to their ponies to play Toulston (Yorks) at the Cheshire Polo Club ground near Tarporley. The Cheshire team, captained by Mr. **Mickey Moseley**, had a 5-2 victory. It was a good game, much better than either the score or handicaps would suggest, and Mr. "**Johnty**" **Ramsden** delighted spectators with his beautifully angled near-side shots. The others in the Cheshire team were Mr. **Lee Hardy** and Mr. **David Rollinson**.

Representing Toulston, a club which draws its strength mainly from Leeds, were Mr. **Mike Watson**, Mr. **Cecil Gifford**, Mr. **Harold Robinson**, and Mr. **David Brown**, of the Aston-Martin family. "We can put three teams in the field this year, and we're getting more spectators than ever," Mr. Watson told me. Toulston looks to the social side, too, and has a barbecue planned for after-polo on 23 July.

There was a medium-sized crowd watching the match. I met Mr. **Frank Spiegelberg**, who recently retired from the honorary secretaryship of the Cheshire Club after 30 years, and I had a very good tea with Mrs. **Mickey Moseley** in the new clubhouse. This is a splendid replacement for the marquee of former years.

But I was sorry to miss **Col. Sir Francis Gidlow Jackson** from his accustomed position of judge behind the upfield goal posts. I wanted to apologize to him for what I did to him last year after my visit to Cheshire. I inadvertently married him off.

BRIGGS by Graham



*Sir John & the Hon. Lady Barlow invited
friends to their Cheshire home for . . .*

A dance at Bradwall Manor

*Miss Virginia Campbell-Johnson, who had
a coming-out dance at the Zoo last week, and
Miss Stair Gunning*



Mr. Peter Telwright and Miss Joanna Hoare



*Sir Geoffrey Hulton, Bt.,
with the Hon. Lady Barlow*



PHOTOGRAPHS:
DESMOND O'NEILL

*Miss Anita Beckett, who
lives at Crewe*



*Lt.-Col. Walter Bromley-
Davenport, Conservative M.P. for
Knutsford, with Mr. W. Beck*



Miss Deirdre Beard and the Hon. Jean Evans

Sir Harold Bibby, Bt., and the Earl of Rocksavage. Far right: Camilla, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. S. Z. de Ferranti, watching her father play. Muriel Bowen reports on page 58



Sir John Barlow, Bt., M.P., and his three sons, John, Mark and George, who sometimes play as a team. The Barlows' eve-of-polo party is photographed on page 59

Mrs. F. E. F. Spiegelberg, Mrs. J. H. Ramsden, wife of the club's honorary secretary, Mrs. M. G. Moseley and Mr. G. Vassallo, who comes from Milan

Play during an American tournament on the Cheshire Polo Club ground

PHOTOS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Polo in Cheshire

LORD KILBRACKEN

The oracle I met in Delphi

SOMEHOW, ten years have gone by since I last saw Pete. If I could get away for a holiday this summer, which I can't, there's nowhere I'd like to go better than back to Delphi, in the foothills of Parnassus above the blue Gulf of Corinth, to find out what's become of him.

I first met Pete on the evening of my arrival there, when, with an American named Hank (honestly), I was on my way by car from Ostend to Calcutta. We had camped on the mountainside outside the village; a police-sergeant was with him and as both were smiling we were naturally on our guard. The sergeant wore a smart khaki uniform with a peaked cap; Pete was in his usual old clothes—a once-smart suit; a striped shirt without collar or tie, a cloth cap—which made him look like a Cockney, but we were surprised all the same when he spoke to us in English.

It turned out they had come to inquire if we had everything we needed, and to offer the gifts—a large bag of almonds and a litre bottle of wine—which they had brought us with traditional Greek hospitality. We liked Delphi so well that we stayed for several weeks, and we saw Pete every day. *Let's ask Pete* was the answer to all our problems. We learnt that he was a seaman; he must have been 45, for he had watched the Four Courts burning in Dublin during the Troubles. But you would have said he was in his thirties, for his eyes shone, though wrinkled like a sailor's, his hair was curly and brown, and his face, though tanned and weather-beaten, was still that of a young man.

Pete was the only man in the village who spoke English, but it was the kind of English you hear in Poplar or Wapping, with just an occasional Americanism and, sometimes, a touch of an Irish brogue. Anyway it made him much in demand when tourists came to the village. He would act as unofficial guide. As he always seemed to be available for

duties of this kind, I soon began to wonder why he never went to sea.

It was, inevitably, Pete who showed us around. "Now these 'ere are the Cliffs of Phedriades," he would say; "And this is the Spring of Castalia, where all the men and women came before consulting the Oracle. And there was only one bloke ever got 'is fortune told wivout washing, and that was 'Ercules: 'I'm 'Ercules,' 'e tells this Delphic broad. 'And if yer don't tell my fortune, I'll bust yer blooming tripod'."

Or: "This 'ere stone is the Ancient Sacred Navel of the Earth, where the 'ole world began, and more's the pity, I can't 'elp feeling sometimes. And 'ere's where the Sphinx of Thebes stood, what Oedipus solved the riddle of, before 'e got off wiv his ma. And now we comes up this flight of steps, and 'ere's the Temple of Apollo."

It wasn't till the day before we left that I felt able to ask Pete the question which had been occupying me: "Why don't you go back to sea?" He gazed at me without speaking for such a long time that I thought he would never reply, and the whole evening waited for him.

"If you like, I'll tell you," he replied at last, in level, easy tones. "The war came, see, and I was in the Med; we was lucky for a time, and then the Jerries came with dive-bombers and they sunk my ship. I was back in Greece soon after; the Jerries marched in, so I went up to the mountains with the others. We 'ad some pretty good scraps, one way and another—blowing up lorries and picking off Jerries from time to time—only you 'as to be careful with this guerrilla warfare, as they calls it, when you don't know 'oo you can trust, nor where the next stick of dynamite is coming from, nor the next clip of ammo."

He'd never once spoken about the war before. He was talking calmly, without hurrying at all, but his face was very pale

and he was looking straight ahead of him.

"In the end, it was over," Pete went on. "The Allies landed, and we came down from the mountains, and I began to look for a ship. And one evening a cop comes to my cottage—one summer evening like this—and 'e tells me, kind of quiet-like: 'They're saying you're a Red, Pete.'"

"Now I've never been a Red, nor a member of any other ruddy political party; I'm a *sailor*, that's all, as 'appened to 'ate the Jerries. But there was a man in the village bore a grudge agin me, see; 'e'd been fratting, and I'd tipped off the military, only they wouldn't never believe me because 'e acted so respectable. They took me off and questioned me.

"They never got anything out of me, for there wasn't nothing to get, except 'ow I'd been knocking off Jerries, but it didn't do no good; they'd made up their minds anyway, so they sent me to exile for 18 months, that's what they called it, to an island off the coast. And when I got back 'ome again, they said as 'ow I was *dangerous*, see, and they 'ad to keep their eyes on me."

Pete was still speaking in a low, even voice. "So now I'm not allowed to leave the mainland of Greece," he said. "It's kind of 'ard for a sailor, if you gets my meaning."

There was a long silence. "What happened to the collaborator?" I asked at last. Pete got up to go.

"It's a funny thing, now you come to ask me," he said, very offhand. "I 'appen not to have seen 'im for a while. Now I wonder what became of 'im. . . ."

He reflected for a moment or two, as though wondering whether to tell me after all; but, even now, he didn't know me well enough. He just threw away his cigarette and walked back across the mountainside towards the village.

It was the last time I saw him. By dawn we were on the road to Istanbul.





Mr. Menotti's festival . .

THE cathedral square in which the ballet-dancers are cavorting on the previous page is in the old hill town of Spoleto, in Italy's district of Umbria, and for two months every year a sight like this is no surprise to the 10,000 inhabitants. For in three seasons Gian Carlo Menotti has turned this sleepy town, with its narrow streets, baroque staircases and medieval arches, into an international arts centre. Special trains and coaches bring music and painting enthusiasts to his Festival of Two Worlds, which ended its 1960 run on Sunday. And during the month of the festival and the month of pre-

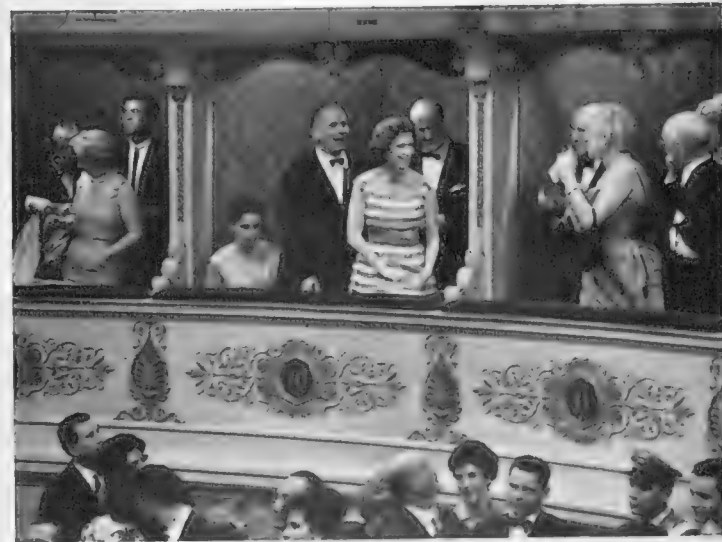


parations that precedes it Spoleto belongs to Mr. Menotti. The town's whole way of life changes to suit the needs of his festival. Houses are given over to art exhibitions. The town's theatre becomes an opera house. A fine medieval residence is put at the disposal of the Maestro himself. The people of Spoleto watch it all with satisfaction as well as amusement. For besides providing an annual diversion it brings to the town an infusion of prosperity that is looked forward to throughout the months when life is mainly a matter of digging truffles and preparing preserved meat . . .



Mr. Menotti's festival CONTINUED

NOW FOR THE OPENING—Menotti's progress to the theatre daily is like a triumphal procession (above). He stops off to open no fewer than 11 art galleries (below). The first night at the



Of...
ENT... THE MAESTRO—This is the town (top) as it looks until Gian Carlo Menotti arrives on the scene, a place where only the sun seems busy. But things start moving the moment Mr. Menotti is in town. At the medieval house given to him by a local nobleman he energetically mounts a scene (middle) for the benefit of performers and guests. A star turn this year was the New American Ballets, seen (bottom) relaxing after a lively workout in the piazza



(bottom) arrive with eminent operagoers, who included the French and American ambassadors to Rome, seen (right) in their boxes. La Bohème, with Mietta Sighele, was delightedly received and Menotti took a call (lower right)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL BONNECARRERE AND PAT MORI



Mr. Menotti's festival

CONCLUDED

AFTERWARDS, CELEBRATION—*In the Pentagramma, a restaurant-cum-curio-shop run by the widow of conductor Guido Cantelli, friends congratulate Menotti on the evening's performance. They include Contessa Consuela Crespi (in pearl necklace, at left), and comedian-composer Renato Rascel (at right).*

Later Menotti went on to the Festival Club for a talk with U.S. Ambassador James D. Zellerbach and his wife. Finally, the opera is gone over in retrospect by Menotti and Thomas Schippers (below), who conducted the orchestra. It has been a brilliant tour de force—an international first night in a remote provincial town



H A R O



THIS PRECIOUS ENGLAND!

WE BRITISH really are the loveliest people—folksy, whimsical, and steeped in superstition right up to the straws behind our ears. You hadn't noticed? Neither had I, I must admit, until I got hold of a calendar of the treats in store this year from the British Travel and Holiday Association. When we are not holding our Annual Bottle-Kicking and Hare-Pie Scrambling we are, it seems, Hurling the Silver Ball, Illuminating Matlock Bath, rejoicing in the Relief of Derry, or Blessing the Whitebait at Southend. (I always eat my whitebait blessed. It adds a certain piquancy to their flavour.)

We are at it, as far as I can see, all the year round, with a slight hiatus in November, when I suppose we are repairing our fences, salting down our beef, and wishing root crops had been invented. Though even then there is Guy Fawkes' Day, Marti'mas, and the Admission of the Lord Mayor at Guildhall. But the gay frenzy of our peasants reached its hysterical peak in May, when those who were not eagerly practising their Morris dancing were jubilant over the Restoration of the Monarchy (300 years ago), or affectionately commemorating Samuel Pepys. We were also briskly bound-beating, floral dancing, hobby-horse riding, maying and maypoling, scrambling for Hot Pennies at Rye, and climbing Magdalen Tower in the grey wet dawn. One way and another May was a fatiguing month.

All the same we jogged merrily on to the high jinks of June, the broad smile on our apple cheeks not a whit abated, the jugglings of the nightingale ringing ceaselessly in our ears. West Linton in Peebles-shire provided Whipman's Play (please see Mr. Nabokov's next novel) and there was the Bread and Cheese Distribution at St. Briavels. Those of us who are devout Druids made a point of attending the Summer Solstice Midnight Ceremony. (Our detractors often complain that the odd native is missing after this event, but of course the police are far too busy with the traffic these days to fuss over every little rumour of human sacrifice, and nothing has ever actually been *proved*.) We were still busy with the Morris-dancing season too—for days at a time conversation tends to be interrupted by the jingling of the little bells we wear on our knees. At York we held our Mystery plays—in which not the least of the mystery is why the seating is so uncomfortable.

The year revolves, and as the summer wears on the perceptive visitor notices a new intensity creeping into our jollity, a heightened note of hilarity in our laughter. This is, in fact, a year of years in our island history. Why? For no lesser reason than that Bovey Tracey is celebrating the granting

of its Charter (700 years ago). Needless to say, our warmest thoughts go out to Bovey in its hour of rejoicing. The next high spot is the Clan Macpherson Annual Rally, though those of us whose Macpherson blood has grown thin in our veins sometimes opt instead for the National Town Criers' Championship at Hastings. (Town Crying is a method of disseminating news to those of our citizenry who cannot read or who are too busy floral-dancing to switch on their television sets.) Highlanders tend to form clots throughout September, but if you prefer the smock to the kilt you should see us Hopping at Paddock Wood (with many a song and lute-twanging, you may be sure) or else Horn Dancing at Abbots Bromley.

Between the 11th and 13th October, citizens of Edinburgh will be celebrating the Reformation. (Stop any native and you will be given a faultless résumé of the exciting religious conflicts of the past four hundred years. Don't be shy about it. They love to be asked.) Mop, Michaelmas and Geese Fairs recur in the autumn months as inevitably as the falling leaves, but an overseas visitor in search of the real England may get the feel of the country better by a visit to the Hereford Herd Book Society Autumn Show of Bulls and Females. Females in this context usually means cows, but if you enjoy the confidence of the aborigines you will soon discover that an occasional farmer's wife changes hands to the accompaniment of a good deal of good-natured chaff.

Christmas provides a bright spot in the dark winter days, when we often have nothing to do except try to persuade the smoke to go out through the hole in the roof, and block up the holes in our walls with mud. The local monasteries often hold large feasts to which they invite the poor and indigent and these are full of folk-interest, but readers with anti-clerical tendencies may prefer to send a 5s. postal order for my private list of Saturnalian orgies. In January there is the Annual Dicing for the Maids' Money at Guildford, or alternatively the riotous fun of Up Helly Aa' at Lerwick, Shetland. And whatever happens, don't miss Stamford (Lincs) during February where they will be feeling rather gratified about the Charter Edward VI granted them as recently as 1561.

I would not presume to speak for the rest of Merrie England, but for my part (if I can get this damned forelock out of my eyes) I can think of no greater happiness than welcoming all our overseas cousins to our innocent junketings. I hope it doesn't sound mercenary if I say I am hoping to earn a ducat or two myself holding their horses' heads, pulling off their knee-boots, and selling them bolts of my homespun linsey-woolsey.

by
MONICA FURLONG

As the rash of new buildings adds extra storeys to the skyline, London becomes a city of upward glimpses, in which the stark verticals and horizontals of plate glass and pre-stressed concrete contrive a . . .

MOSAIC IN MODERN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAEDELL

MELBURY HOUSE, ST. MARYLEBONE

C.J.B. HOUSE, PADDINGTON (left and right)

MARKS & SPENCER BUILDING, EDGWARE ROAD



STATE HOUSE, HIGH HOLBORN (above)

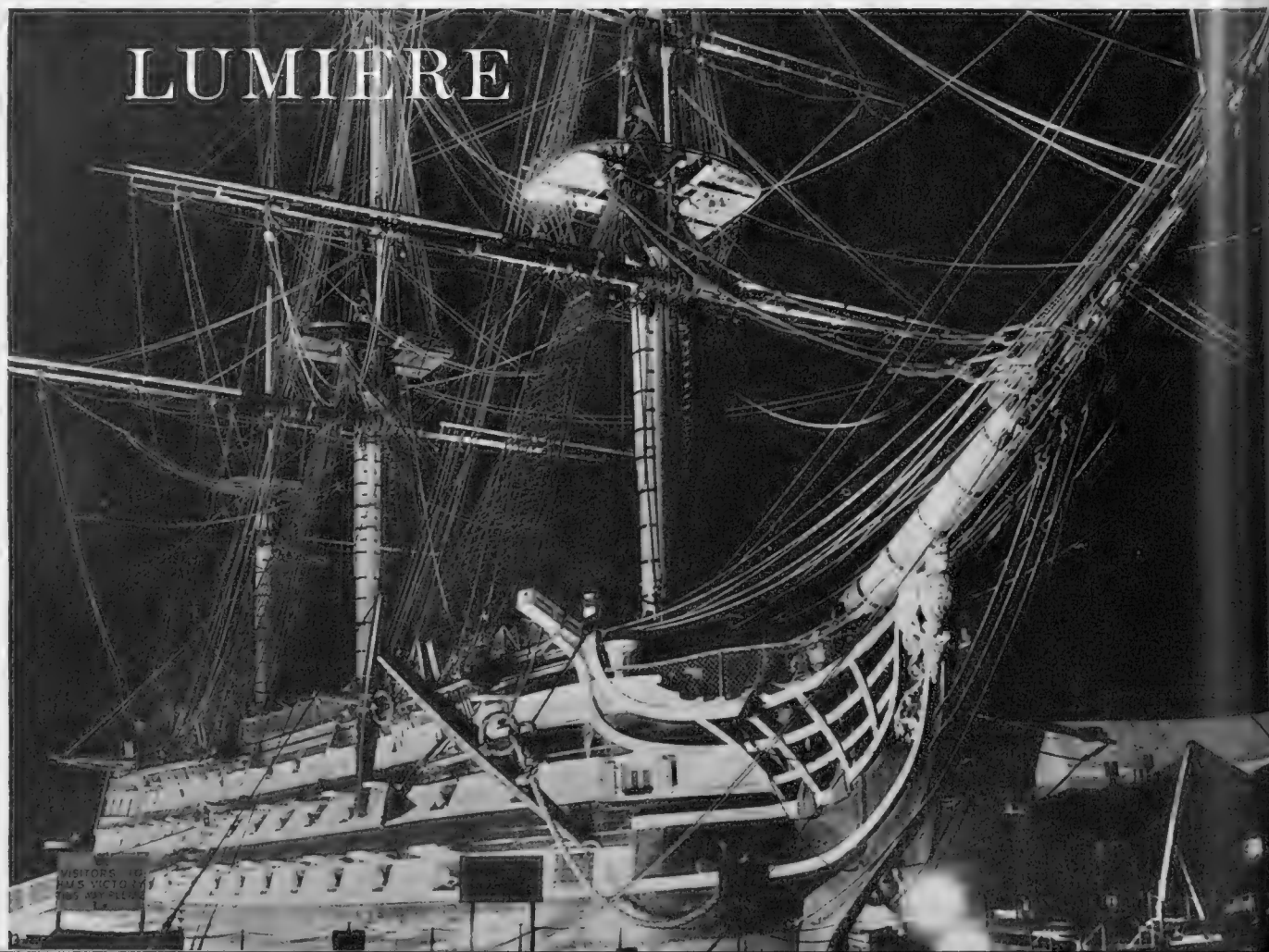
MARKS & SPENCER (below)

It was enough to shiver the old timbers of H.M.S. Victory, or frighten the ghosts over the side. The floodlights, the loud-speakers and the people! The old warship's history was recreated with full contemporary honours in a spectacle that can only be termed

NELSON ET



Sir John Lang, Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN VINES



Mr. Peter Smithers, M.P. for Winchester, and his wife



Mr. W. N. Wilson, Chief Constable of Portsmouth



Lang & Capt. J. Broome, who wrote the script



The Duke of Wellington with Mrs. Elma Dangerfield



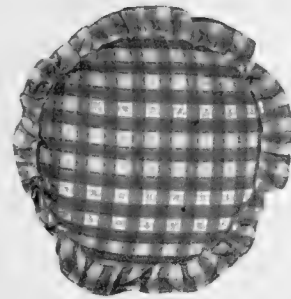
Mr. J. F. Grady, U.S. Consul, & Rear Admiral S. H. Evans, U.S.N.

Peter Wood directing his production from the control cabin. The voice of Nelson was recorded by Sir Laurence Olivier. The performance in Portsmouth Dockyard was in aid of naval charities





TABLE MATS are printed by Ashley Mountney from old wood blocks (they also track down lino cuts). Two are used for both the elegant examples alongside—the Cherub comes alive in brown, olive or black on white, Fruit sits in an urn in olive, brown, black or pink on white. From Woollands; Hanningtons, Brighton, price: 3s. 6d.

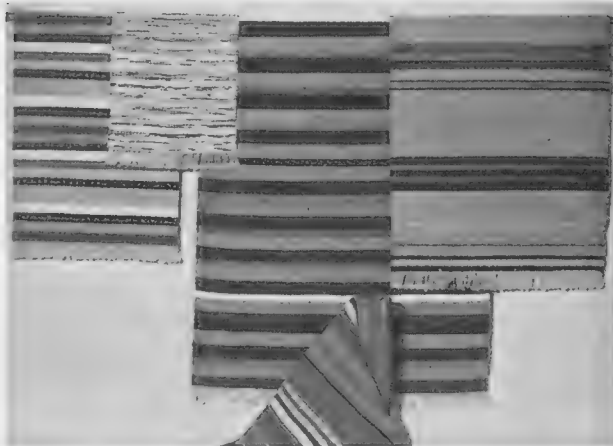


COUNTER SPY *cottons on*

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

COTTON RUGS to brighten summer floors in multi-coloured stripes are by Abakhan from Liberty's. Though washable, dry cleaning is recommended. The medley here ranges in price from 23s. 6d. to £5 2s. 6d., runners cost £4 5s.



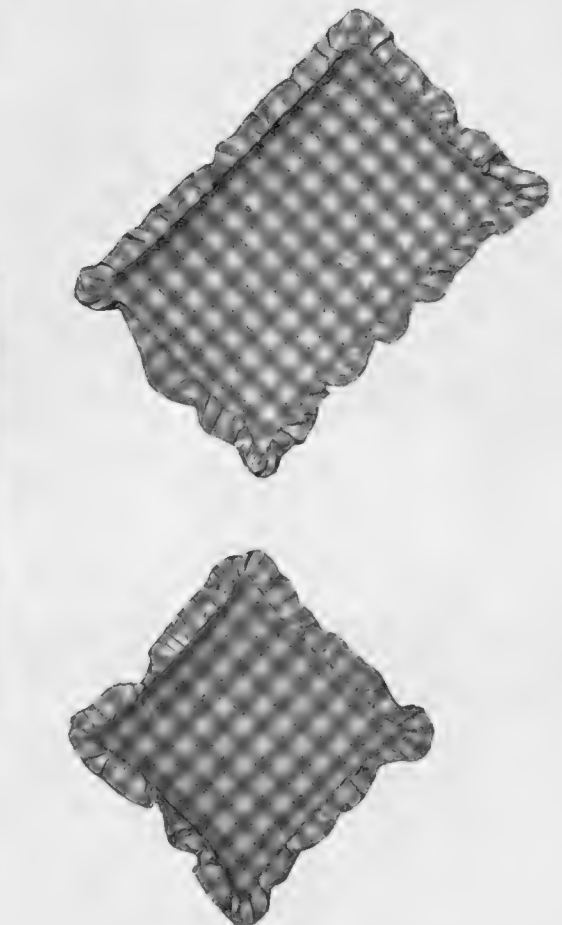
Intelligence Report

The Loan Exhibition of English Chintz at the Victoria & Albert Museum (until 17 July) charts the course of English chintz from its origins to contemporary prints. Earliest chintz shown is one in linen which lines a 17th-century trunk. The fine 1960 designs were specially commissioned by the museum and are beautiful results of the artists' entry into fabric design plus the introduction since the war of new I.C.I. dyes that allow greater play with colour. William Morris and Bruce J. Talbot brought the artist designer to the fore in the fabric world and the chintzes they turned out were full of character and invention. Divided into sections, the exhibition covers the 18th century, the early 19th, the Victorian and Edwardian period and the last 50 years. Perfect drawing is evident in the startling 18th and early 19th-century exhibits when basic rules for chintz design were formed. And it is interesting to note that the charming *Toile de Jouy* as we know it originated in

England, not in France. *Chinoiserie* appears; early chintzes commemorate plays, personalities and events. Victoriana lays an unoriginal and sentimental hand on prints that should be all nostalgic posies.

TOWEL AND GLOVE (below) printed with pink moss roses on baby-soft towelling for bathrooms are from Woollands' collection of French towels. Towel: 2 gns., glove: 2s. 6d.

CHINTZ (below, right) from the V & A Exhibition of English Chintz is a shimmering blue and green hydrangea print on white cotton satin by John Drummond for Hull Traders—50 inch wide. From Afzal, Baker Street; E. T. Lane, Horsham, 29s. 6d. per yard



SCATTER-CUSHIONS for garden or terrace are covered in detachable befrilled gingham over inner kapok-filled centres. The colours are cool and summery in lime, yellow, blue, lilac, pink or black iced with white; the prices are appealing and stand at 12s. 11d. for a square or round one; 16s. 11d. for an oblong one. All from Peter Jones; John Lewis and most branches



WHERE SUMMER LINGERS

Summer bookings may start in January but shopping for summer clothes often gets left till after the June sales—which is taking a chance on finding anything left to buy in the big stores. That's where the small shops and boutiques score by giving individual attention, putting through special orders and generally taking the view that summer doesn't end at the beginning of July. Michel Molinare photographed this holiday selection for late travellers and last-minute buyers

Selective shoppers can benefit at Tracy of 70 New Bond Street who import much of their range from the Continent—a good many of the things they sell can't be found anywhere else in London. They also design and make exclusive items like this gay playsuit in broderie anglaise slotted through with blue ribbon—an idea originating in the South of France. Pants and blouse together cost 6½ gns.





WHERE SUMMER LINGERS

continued

lian leisure wear especially
 nes from Pia of Venice, at 45
 uth Molton Street, London, W.1.
 ey always have a large stock
 beautifully cut, pure silk
 ks in wonderful colours, plus
 most exciting sweaters and
 uses. As a variation to the silk
 rt there is this jerkin (opposite)
 purple linen, printed with a
 recian frieze, and worn with
 atching, pure silk shantung
 nts. Prices: jerkin, 4 gns.,
 nts, 9 gns. Hat from The Eaton
 ag Co., Manette Street, W.1



Continental casual clothes, from
 Sweden in particular, can be
 found at Erika, 38b Kensington
 Church Street, London, W.8. The
 washable dungarees, in a strong
 yellow and white woven cotton, zip
 up the front. They are also made
 in blue and white. Worn with a
 white, self-striped Haymaker
 shirt. Prices: dungarees, £4 10s.,
 shirt, £2 5s. 6d. Natural straw hat
 from The Eaton Bag Co., Manette
 Street, Soho, W.1. Price £1 18s.

he new Chelsea, said to be
 rapidly growing, has had Barbara
 work to cater for it since a
 year ago, at 141 Earl's Court Road,
 London, S.W.5. Her large stocks
 of summer dresses, suits, beach and
 leisure wear will constantly be
 renewed, up to September, and she
 will take special orders. The red
 and white checked cotton shirt
 (right) is worn with washable,
 heavy corded cotton, tapered
 trousers. Prices: shirt, £2 15s.,
 the trousers, £3 12s. 6d., and
 the red straw hat, £1 12s. 6d.



WHERE SUMMER LINGERS

continued

Made-to-measure beachwear is the speciality of Rose Lewis, corsetière, of 40 Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1. She has a permanent stock of ready-to-wear swimsuits of French cut and design. One-piece suits can be made specially, in a few days, costing from 15 gns. up. This gay little bikini (left) in Helanca stretch nylon, multi-coloured polka dots on white, with boned bra, is made-to-measure; price about 8 gns. according to material. This cotton (top right) comes from Yvonne Bodie, 223 Brompton Road, S.W.3, and has a green flower print on a moiré effect white ground. It comes from the Continent and is well out of the usual run. The frock, one of many to be made, in a couple of weeks, to customers' own choice of material, is mounted on a strong cotton lining throughout and trimmed with green rouleau. Price: 34 gns.



Almost anything that a smart woman needs, from inexpensive cotton frocks to opulent evening dresses, comes from Ivor Hartnell, 10 Baker Street, W.1. The Basement has sports clothes, separates and jersey suits. It is one of those shops where you are sure to find something you want. This button-through frock in a heavy linen hopsack is in periwinkle blue with a tie self-belt and collarless neckline. Price: 7 gns. Natural straw hat from The Eaton Bag Co., Manette Street, Soho, W.1



Knitted silk for this white dress, mounted on heavy silk taffeta. It is made and sold at Tracy, 70 New Bond Street, W.1. The edges are bound in white satin. This beautifully cut sheath, uncrushable, packs like a dream, and worn with a cascade of crystal and pearls is smart enough for holiday evenings at the most fashionable resort. Prices: for the dress, 12½ gns.; and for the necklace, 3½ gns. The blouse and slacks shown here (bottom left) are from Fontana Fabrics, 48 Sloane Street, S.W.1, and are in vivid, contrasting silks, cerise and imperial purple. This boutique specialises in separates and materials bought by the yard and always carries a range of pure silk slacks in an enormous number of colours; they are Italian designed and have unusual blouses for wearing with them. The cummerbund of the blouse can also be worn under the collar, tied in a large artist's bow. Prices: blouse, 7½ gns.; slacks, 12 gns.

Smart, ready-to-wear, day and evening clothes, plus the most exquisite collection of lingerie, English, French and American, are always available from Fiona, 6 Henrietta Place, W.1. This little white suit is knitted in a nylon and rayon mixture. The skirt is fully lined. Price: 16 gns.



WHERE SUMMER LINGERS

concluded



Typical of the easily packed, easily washed little holiday dresses, for sale throughout the summer, is this, from Barbara York, 141 Earl's Court Road, S.W.5. It is a chrome-yellow and white cotton print, sleeveless, with a wide, rounded neckline. There is a self-belt, tying in a flat bow. Price: £4 16s. 6d. Bag of natural straw and gold-studded navy leather, from Fontana Fabrics, 48 Sloane Street, S.W.1. Price: £5 19s. 6d. Also in other colours

Ideas by the decade

NINETEEN-FORTIES



Every age has its prophet and each generation its chosen dramatist. But sometimes the functions and the dates overlap, as this summer, when a playwright of the 40s, a find of the 50s and an arrival of the 60s all have plays running simultaneously in the West End

PHOTOGRAPHS: MARK GERSON



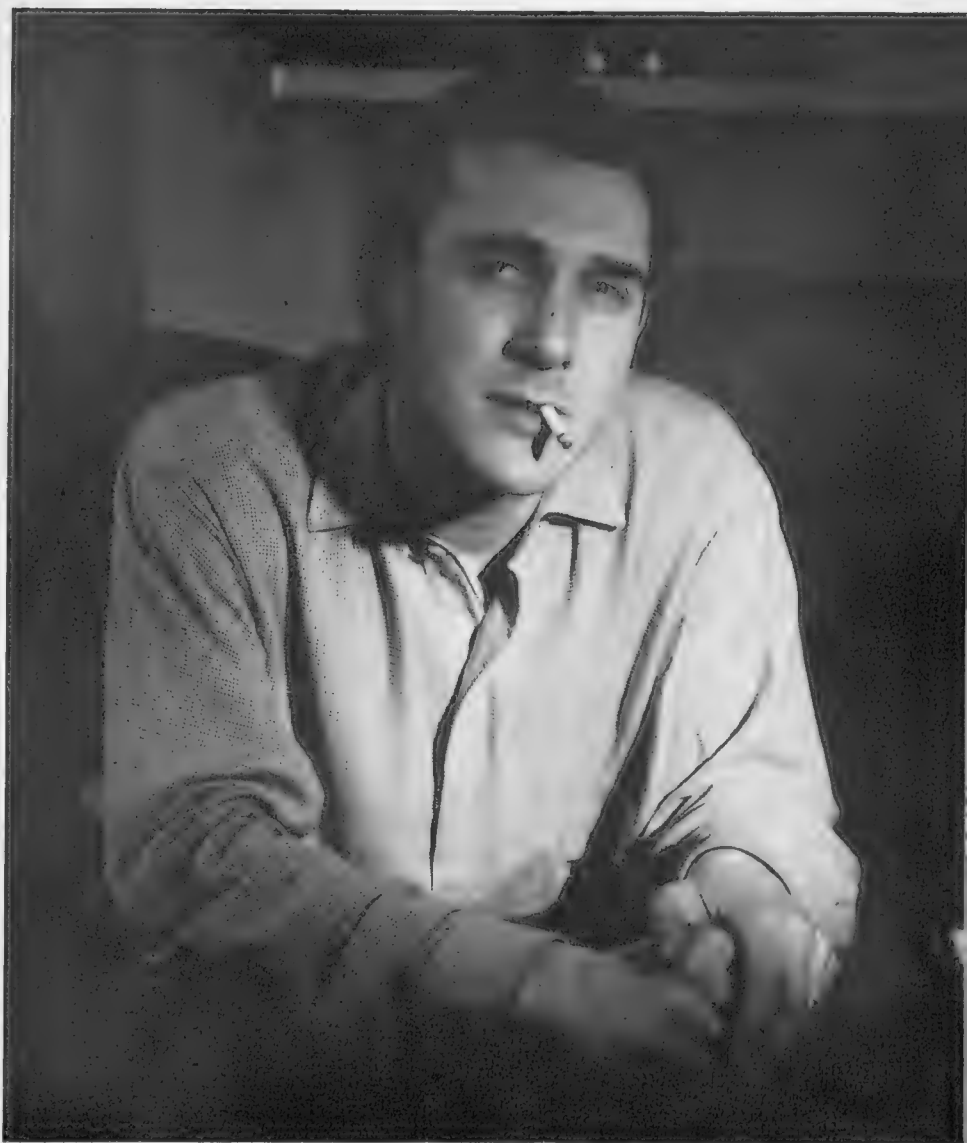
Terence Rattigan, (above, left), 49 last month, has a current success with *Ross* at the Haymarket and hopes of another when *Joie de Vivre* (musical version of his *French Without Tears*) opens at the Queen's tomorrow night. Success for Rattigan has been a fairly continuous parade that began in 1934 and culminated two decades later in *Separate Tables*. In between came a dozen other stage hits and as many films. None of which prevented critical speculation on the passing of a playwright when years went by without a major Rattigan stage offering. His plays reflect their period, have a knack of capturing the precise phrase and attitude of mind. The Rattigan recipe is to try out each new idea on a mythical Aunt Edna. The lady is rarely mistaken and *Ross* is a case in point. Opening to muted applause it rapidly established the familiar success pattern

NINETEEN-FIFTIES



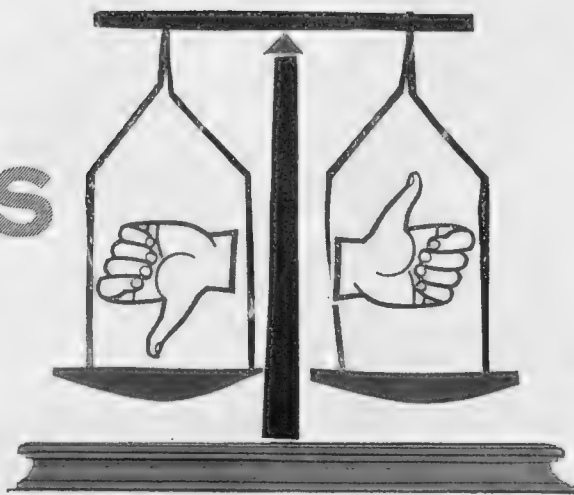
Robert Bolt, 34, burst into the West End with *Flowering Cherry* in 1958, braved it again last month with *A Man For All Seasons* at the Globe, will tempt theatrical Providence for the third time when *The Tiger & The Horse* reaches London in the autumn. The first play was greeted with some of the most thunderous salvos of applause accorded to any playwright by dramatic critics since the war, earned him, too, a "most promising dramatist" award and gave him the chance to give up school teaching for a living. Bolt's technique in *Flowering Cherry*—the portrayal of a weak man breaking down under stresses of his own creation—struck a responsive chord in his generation. Bolt's plays get talked about, which is probably sufficient indication that a talent made evident in the 50s will survive through the 60s and maybe a decade or two after

NINETEEN-SIXTIES



Harold Pinter, 29, is of the *nouvelle vague* of dramatists now graduating to the theatre from television. Pinter made the transition at one bound with *The Caretaker* at the Duchess, a play which not only consolidated his own reputation but pushed TV actor Donald Pleasence into the forefront of the West End stage. People argue about Pinter, always a healthy sign. Tortuous plays like *The Night Out* and *The Birthday Party* caused the armchair critics to complain that they had no proper ending. Endings in the contrived sense they had not, but nobody denied the power and pungency of Pinter dialogue or the accuracy of his character delineation. Like Wesker and Kops, with whom he shares a London East End background, Pinter has a sharp eye for the changing contemporary scene, aided, too, by a sense of theatre derived from years as an actor on repertory circuits

VERDICTS



The play *Roots*. Royal Court Theatre. (Joan Plowright, Gwen Nelson, John Colin, Charles Kay.)

The films *Inherit The Wind*. Director Stanley Kramer. (Spencer Tracy, Fredric March, Gene Kelly, Dick York, Donna Anderson, Florence Eldridge.)

The Gazebo. Director George Marshall. (Glenn Ford, Debbie Reynolds, Carl Reiner.)

Roses For The Prosecutor. Director Wolfgang Staudte. (Walter Giller, Martin Held, Ingrid Van Bergen.)

The Nudist Story. Director Ramsey Harrington. (Brian Cobby, Shelley Martin.)

The books *The Sign Of The Fish*, by Peter Quennell. (Collins, 21s.)

Confessions Of An Art Addict, by Peggy Guggenheim. (Deutsch, 21s.)

Wake Up Stupid, by Mark Harris. (Deutsch, 15s.)

A Certain Compass, by Lettice Cooper. (Gollancz, 15s.)

Killer On The Catwalk, by Judson Philips (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.)

Hawaii, by James A. Michener (Secker & Warburg, 30s.)

The galleries *Ceri Richards*. Whitechapel Art Gallery.

THEATRE

Anthony
Cookman



Roots on a revolving stage

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE IN THE theatre the more they remain the same. Everything comes round again, if you stay on the scene long enough to wait for it. If Mr. John Osborne or Mr. Harold Pinter is not the leader of what is called the new drama, then he must be Mr. Arnold Wesker, and the Royal Court Theatre is paying him the most unusual compliment of presenting his three plays as a trilogy.

The current piece, *Roots*, is incomparably the best of these plays, and any playgoers who are still a little vague as to what the "new" drama is about and what is the strength of Mr. Wesker as a dramatist may be recommended to start with this story of a country-bred girl who has been shown the

light by a dubious London intellectual and, returning to her family of Norfolk farm labourers, does her best to teach them to begin thinking for themselves.

If the laggard playgoers open to my recommendation are old enough they may well rub their eyes as they take in this specimen of the new drama. Mr. Wesker's dramatic methods may seem to them exactly those which were practised in times that now seem so very long ago by the Manchester school of realists. James Agate used to maintain that these little slices of life, each so like the other, had the effect of draining support away from Miss Horniman's famous repertory theatre, oddly named the Gaiety. A greater critic, C. E. Montague, defended this type

of play on the ground that it offered "sombre delight in getting a deep sense of the frequency with which life does without happy, heroic or even sullenly tragic endings to its little dramas." However, Mr. Wesker will be found by the

long-remembered to be as unflinchingly realistic as any of his Manchester forerunners.

For the greater part of two acts he patiently photographs the inarticulate yokel family who by their bovine concentration on the



CRISPIAN WOODGATE

MOMENT OF TRUTH: A vicious slap on the face rewards the newly-filleted Beatie Bryant (Joan Plowright) when she reproaches her mother (Gwen Nelson) for never teaching her how to keep her man. Sharing this climax of *Roots* are the men relations (Charles Kay, Alan Howard & John Colin)

dull facts of country life give the young girl no sort of chance to discuss "life" in the intellectual terms she has tried to pick up from her wonderful London lover.

At the end of two acts this photographic realism breaks suddenly into a scene of delicate poetic tension. Mr. Wesker, remembering the tarantella that Nora danced in *The Doll's House*, succeeds in repeating this classic effect in modern terms. The girl trying vainly to explain to her stony-faced mother the kind of joy that may come from listening to Beethoven executes a clumsy little dance which takes on the quality of ecstasy. Derivative or not, this is a most moving effect.

But apart from this scene and that which brings down the final curtain effectively enough, yet with a sense of artistic muddle, the play has one great dramatic virtue. It continuously but unobtrusively carries the suggestion that the girl who is desperately trying to strike a spark of intelligence out of the indurated stupidity of her relatives is herself something of an intellectual fraud and is poignantly aware of her own uncertainties.

She loves her London intellectual teddy boy. She has lived with him for three years and has done her best to live up to his grandiose intellectual ideas. But she has her share of the family stubbornness and she knows that she has failed her lover and is about to be discarded by him. When this happens (and it happens excitingly) she tries to deaden her heartache by launching into a bitter tirade against the complacent ignorance and disastrous servility of those who are stolidly watching her humiliation. She is strangely comforted by the success of her tirade. At last she finds herself talking just as her faithless lover would talk, and without any prompting from him. She can stand on her own two feet.

But this ending, theatrically effective as it is, leaves all the

questions Mr. Wesker has posed hanging in the air. The heroine's revelation is simply a gift of the gab. She will be no more able to stand on her own two feet in the future than she has been able to do in the past. Mr. Wesker has in all sincerity burked his real theme.

But the verve and the percep-

tiveness with which Miss Joan Plowright plays the heroine do much to conceal the drama's inner weaknesses, and the girl's scenes with her mother come tinglingly alive. Miss Gwen Nelson catches to perfection the shallow good nature and sometimes terrifying savagery of invincible stupidity.

and Miss Florence Eldridge as Drummond's loyal wife.

I was privileged to see this film at the Berlin Film Festival, where the reaction of a vast German audience was extraordinarily impressive. Though many of them must have been dependent upon the German sub-titles, brilliant lines of dialogue were spontaneously applauded: after Drummond's finest speech—in which he contends that if one book is banned, next day another may be, and soon Catholic will be turned against Protestant, then Protestant against Protestant, and man against man—the enthusiastic outburst of clapping lasted for minutes. One felt, with deep satisfaction, that they had, in the current phrase, "got the message."

It was a little disillusioning when, at a subsequent press conference, several German newspaper correspondents asked Mr. Kramer why he had chosen such an "out-of-date" subject: after all, they said, the trial had taken place in 1925. With admirable restraint, Mr. Kramer replied that he did not think the struggle for freedom of thought was ever out-of-date.

Neither do I—and suddenly I was seething with rage. Had these German gentlemen forgotten that in 1934 books were not merely banned but publicly *burned* in Berlin—and that there was no freedom of thought anywhere in Germany from then until Nazism was overthrown, only 15 years ago?

Well, if the German press was too obtuse to appreciate Mr. Kramer's reminder that if a man does not fight for his rights, he is liable to find himself without any, the German cinema audience was apparently not—which is some comfort. Or perhaps they were simply applauding a superb piece of entertainment—which indeed the film is. I don't know.

The Gazebo, based on Mr. Alec Coppel's play, is light-heartedly concerned with a TV thriller writer, Mr. Glenn Ford, who one dark

CINEMA

Elsbeth Grant



Darwin crumbles a colossus

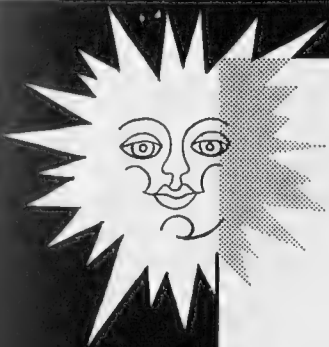
MR. STANLEY KRAMER'S SPLENDID film, *Inherit The Wind*, based on the fine play by Messrs. Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, recalls the "Monkey Trial" of 1925 in a small Tennessee town. A young school-master named Scopes was charged with breaking a State law by teaching Darwin's Theory of Evolution. William Jennings Bryan, the politically-minded attorney who thrice ran for President, thundered against him for the prosecution. Defending Scopes—and defending man's right to think for himself—was the brilliant lawyer, Clarence Darrow.

In Mr. Kramer's film the names have been changed: Scopes is now Cates (Mr. Dick York), Bryan is Brady (Mr. Fredric March) and Darrow is Drummond (Mr. Spencer Tracy)—but the astonishing and enthralling case remains the same. The battle of the legal giants in the small, sweltering courtroom of Hillsboro is fought at fever pitch—while to chill the blood there is the ghastly spectacle of the local

Fundamentalist citizens on parade, frenziedly chanting "Gimme that old time religion" and (egged on by their minister—Mr. Claude Akins) burning Cates in effigy and lashing themselves to lynching-point.

Mr. March magnificently presents Brady: under all his smug self-satisfaction and behind his glazed, false, politician's grin, one glimpses a vestige of the greatness he once had—and when he finally crumbles it is as a colossus betrayed by his feet of clay.

Mr. Tracy has never in his life been better than he is as Drummond—a great humanitarian, fighting with every weapon at his disposal, including a devastating sense of humour, for the cause to which he is dedicated: freedom of thought. Mr. Gene Kelly is excellent as Hornbeck, the cynical newspaperman from Baltimore, and there are affecting performances from Mr. York as the unfortunate school-master, Miss Donna Anderson as the minister's daughter who loves him,



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Wear alone as a flattering mat suntan cream,
or as a protective foundation, with cream
rouge and powder. In Four Tempting Shades.

LANCÔME





BATTLE IS JOINED between bigotry and enlightenment in a small-town courtroom of the American South, in *Inherit the Wind*. The young schoolmaster (Dick York) who has dared to teach evolution sits tense at the table where his advocate (Spencer Tracy) puts his case. Listening with barely-repressed sneers are the opposition team (Fredric March and Elliott Reid) conscious of heavy local support for their attempt to turn the clock back a century

night bumps off a character called Shelby who has been blackmailing him and his actress wife, Miss Debbie Reynolds, and buries him in the cement foundation of the gazebo in the garden.

Next day, Mr. Ford learns that Shelby has been found murdered in his New York hotel bedroom. So who the dickens is the guy lying out there under the gazebo? You'll find out soon enough. My favourite character in this somewhat unethical but undeniably amusing trifle is a charming and co-operative pigeon, name of Herman.

From Germany comes *Roses For The Prosecutor*—an extremely well-made and well-acted film, which tells how Nemesis catches up with a Public Prosecutor (Herr Martin Held) who holds his exalted position only because he refrained from mentioning to the Allies that during

the war he was a Judge Advocate for the Nazis. With the advent in his town of a man (Herr Walter Giller) whom he at that time condemned to death for buying two bars of "Luftwaffe issue" chocolate on the black market, his world begins to totter. Not the least interesting feature of this unusual picture is the extreme cynicism of the characters surrounding the doomed central figure.

To give you a bare outline of *The Nudist Story*—prissy heiress (Miss Shelley Martin) decides to close down a nudist camp left to her by her grandfather, visits the camp, falls for its manager (Mr. Brian Cobby) and is at once converted to nudism. Why a gal who can afford to be dressed by Dior should want to prance around in the altogether defeats me. It's a perfectly harmless film—and yawn-making.

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones



The best of Quennell

IN AN EPILOGUE TO HIS NEW VOLUME of autobiographical and literary essays, *The Sign of the Fish*, Mr. Peter Quennell drives one distracted by referring briefly to all the chapters he intended to write and didn't, not to mention "my repeated failures to produce the books I wished to write." This is not to say one is not immoderately grate-

ful for the book as it stands—it is about writers and the business of writing, about the author himself, about the parties he went to given by all the mostest literary and artistic hostesses—but what a greedy joy it would be if Mr. Quennell would only grit his teeth and provide us with, say, at least one book a year.

He writes like an angel; wittily, smoothly, with such ease and grace and blessed clarity, such natural unaffected elegance and such a tender regard for the poor old reader (who never actually asked to be bored to death, a fact that Mr. Quennell, unlike many a writer I could think of if pressed, fully realizes and acts upon)—that it is impossible not to munch up *The Sign of the Fish* at a single sitting and urgently demand some more.

The book is made up of the happiest mixture of irresistible information, digression, speculation and comment. There is also a longish—but still too short—passage on the author's involvement with Byron, which includes that enchanting letter-opening, tenderly loaded, from Harriette Wilson to his very truly run after lordship: "Dear Adorable Lord Byron, *don't* make a mere coarse old libertine of yourself. . . ." (She had greatly taken against *Don Juan*.)

Miss Peggy Guggenheim, who has just published her memoirs under the arresting title of *Confessions of an Art Addict*, writes markedly different prose from Mr. Quennell's—extremely strange and staccato as though tapped out fast by a none too agile typist who grows weary in the middle of a sentence and yearns to reach the soonest possible full stop. Miss Guggenheim is queen of modern art of the kind that culminated in the work of Pollock, and in her time has amassed a formidable collection and helped large numbers of artists. She is deeply offended by the "good investment" attitude towards art, especially when the painters concerned are dead, and has spent prodigious sums spreading cheer and hope among the living, which is nothing if not commendable.

Miss Guggenheim is really rather discreet about her marriages (one to Max Ernst) and love-affairs (at one point she had a frustrated passion for Beckett, who had "retained a terrible memory of life in his mother's womb" ever since birth, and Miss Guggenheim found him, though adorable, difficult to talk to). The book opens rather magnificently with a brief skirmish through the author's grandparents, aunts and uncles ("one of my favourite aunts was an incurable soprano") and I could have done with a lot more of them, though others may prefer the section on life among the Surrealists ("He also did a little phallic design for my Dunhill lighter, which we had engraved . . .").

It is tempting to go on and on quoting Miss Guggenheim's brisk and ruthless sentences—clearly it is being so cheerful that keeps her going—but I will content myself with the two most haunting and mysterious: "Lady Clark, who had

been a gym teacher, was particularly pleased with an air raid shelter she had made in the basement," and "Luckily Wright died while I was in New York, and I presume this cleared the air and left Sweeney with less difficulties."

Wake Up Stupid is what Professor Lee Youngdahl, a Californian academic, behaving "contrary to demands of a democratic learning experience," sometimes shouts at his students. This magical, enchanting, wildly lovable and extravagantly funny book is written in the form of letters to and from the wild professor, who is catching up on his mail, having just completed a play about Johnson and Boswell. One of the finest characters in it is his agent whose typewriter jumps on f, and writes "Your name is known and you are a bigger figure than many writers who are considered bigger figures." The observation of the academic body has a wicked cutting edge, and has taught me many fine new words such as behavioral, unsocialized, procedural and attitudinal. I am suffering from a severe attack of this book, and wish to recommend it vehemently to everyone who can read. It is written by Mark Harris who is Assistant Professor of English at San Francisco State College, and I love him.

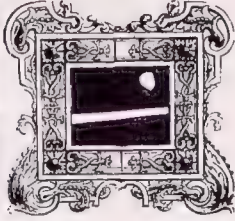
Lettice Cooper's *A Certain Compass* is a glum and tremendously intense tale of a young woman who dashes off to Italy to do a little private investigation on her late husband's suicide while directing a film. And *Killer on the Catwalk* by Judson Philips (who is apparently no such person, and who would wonder with a name like that) is a superb blood about the theatre, one of those proud old American families with a proud old deaf matriarch at the helm, the great star actress, and did-grannie-fall-or-was-she-pushed. The coincidences and extravagances are fantastic and thoroughly outrageous, but I care nothing for that. Murder in what is generally known as *A Theatrical Setting* is just about the most soothing thing I know. Highly recommended for peaceful reading in the bath.

Those who are going to trudge along with James Michener's 1,000-page ramble through colourful *Hawaii* must be well on toward the half-way mark by now. For my part, it quite soon became clear that the road was going to wind uphill all the way. It's a sobering thought, what that man could do with a really sizeable canvas, say the U.S.S.R. Next time, maybe.

Records: Gerald Lascelles has been ill. He will resume his regular article on the new records next week.

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GALLERIES

Alan Roberts

The cathedral gets my vote

THE ARTIST WHO AGREES TO A retrospective exhibition of his work at the commodious Whitechapel Art Gallery tacitly agrees to have his whole life and soul laid bare, to expose his talent (or lack of it), his imagination (if he has any), his origins, his influences, his dreams, his failures as well as his successes, his limitations as well as his ability, to the callous public gaze.

He must be a brave man or a foolish one who surrenders himself to dissection in this way before he is dead. To which category we allot him, however, will too often depend on how much time and patience we are prepared to give, and how much effort we make, to understand him.

It is more than probable, for instance, that those coming newly to the life work of Ceri Richards

through this collection of 154 pictures covering the period 1930 to 1960 will cursorily dismiss much of it as imitative. One could make a game of spotting the "Picassos" and the "Matisses," the odd "Ernst" or two, the echo of Kandinsky, the touch of Dali, the whiff of Bacon, the bit of Boeckl—the less you thought about it, the longer the list would get. Only by accepting in the first place that this wide-ranging eclecticism in Richards is a distinctive quality is it possible to assess and appreciate the undoubted originality that also exists in his art.

The importance of stylistic influences can be greatly overstated. A great artist, as Picasso has shown, is not afraid of influences.

Ceri Richards has not his power to take the spirit of another artist

and completely overwhelm it with his own ego. Still less is he a primitive able to ignore everything around him and look only inside his own head. But he is highly susceptible not only to other men's painting but also to other men's music and other men's poetry.

At the Whitechapel Gallery there is a large number of canvases, big and small, all called *La cathédrale engloutie*. For me they are the best things in the show, because in them the artist has transmuted into colour, with varying degrees of success, the emotive content of Debussy's music—music which appeals enormously to me. In some cases he has done it so successfully that, although the pictures are all abstractions or near-abstractions, I am sure I would have recognized their source even if they had been untitled.

Again, in the strange and striking picture *Do not go gentle into that goodnight*, in which an owl flies into the night carrying a drooping, mutilated body (this is my "whiff of Bacon") not only has the inspiration come from a poem of Dylan Thomas's but the style, too, has been dictated by it.

In both these cases the artist has been strongly influenced. But because the influences are from a musician and a poet, and not from another painter, no one says

"Imitation Debussy" or "Derivative Dylan Thomas."

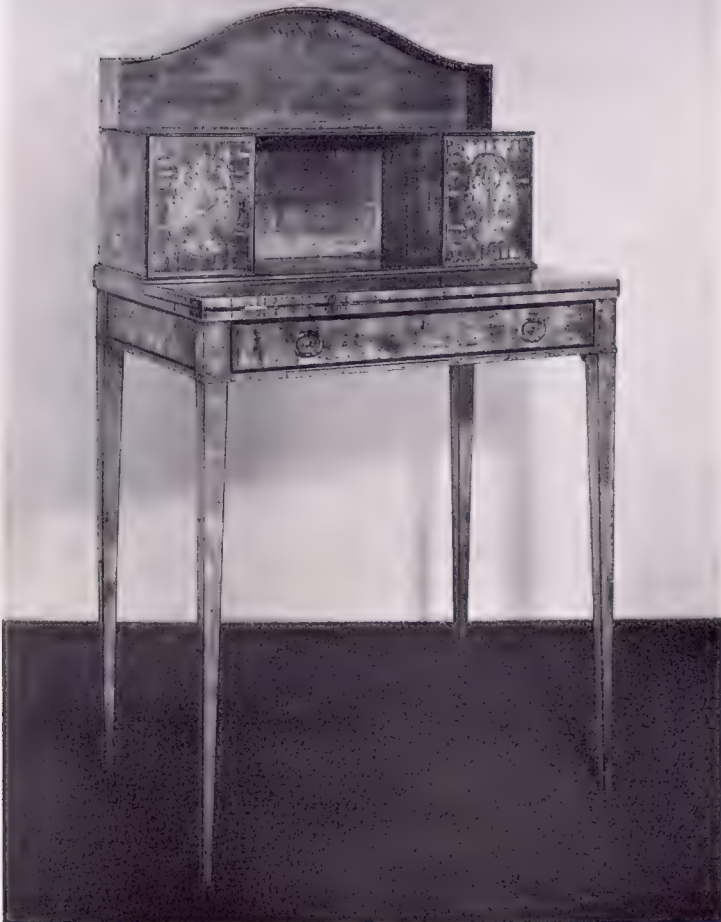
If the *cathédrale engloutie* series had been exhibited on their own Ceri Richards might well have had on his hands a commercial and prestige success like that of Sidney Nolan's *Leda & the swan*.

As it is, the majority of spectators will incline to discount the excellence of these luminous paintings and of so much more in the exhibition simply because they see around them abundant evidence of the artist's versatility, and because (again in spite of Picasso) versatility is equated in their minds with mediocrity through the "jack of all trades" tag. Yet for the discriminating there are constant delights (starting with the Matissean portraits of 1930-32 and the extremely witty relief constructions made before the war) to be found.

Although generally he tends to over-elaborate his inventions, as in the Trafalgar Square paintings, he is capable at times both of organizing this over-elaboration into a violently effective unity, as in *The rape of the Sabines*, and of eschewing it altogether to create a thing of such powerful and moving simplicity as *The deposition*, in which the colour, like the blood of a corpse, is drained away and the great, clumsy hands and feet are symbols of Man's eternal suffering.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR



SATINWOOD, introduced at the end of the 18th century by Thomas Sheraton, is the wood *par excellence* for boudoir furniture. It has a smooth silky texture, a soft colouring and beautiful graining that is essentially feminine when compared with other woods. It was a favourite with Mrs. Fitzherbert and if you visit the Royal Pavilion at Brighton you will find that her boudoir upstairs is still furnished in part with her own satinwood furniture. Indeed some of the most attractive furniture of the Sheraton period was finished entirely in satinwood, especially the smaller, daintier pieces such as quartette tables, card tables and teapots—those three-legged tables designed expressly for taking tea. Most elegant of all was the *bonheur du jour*, a special kind of lady's writing table, adapted from a French original and retaining its French nickname, which might be freely translated "Happiness of the day."

The splendid example shown (left) is owned by the Portuguese collector, Senhor F. Moniz Galvao, and would probably now command a price of somewhere around the

£600 mark. The carcass is entirely covered with carefully chosen satinwood veneers, effective contrasts in pattern being obtained by such detail as the oval panels inset in the door fronts. Behind each door is a set of four drawers, in palest yellow satinwood with ivory knob handles.

The writing flap is shown closed; it folds open outwards and is not, as is often the case, supported by pulling out the frieze drawer—a rather makeshift expedient—but by a pair of delicate supports which slide forward from the sides of the piece and whose heads form the cross-banded panels at the top of the front legs. The means of extending them is a peg concealed just forward of each back leg. The arched top is for the display of small pieces of porcelain and *objets d'art*, and the centre recess probably for a small selection of fashionable prose and verse suitable to the sex of the owner. Note also the very elegant tapering of the legs. This is a piece obviously designed for the composition of sonnets and *billets doux* and not for the signing of cheques or filling in of forms.

GOOD LOOKS

BY

ELIZABETH

WILLIAMSON

Tactics for the twenties

TERENCE DONOVAN

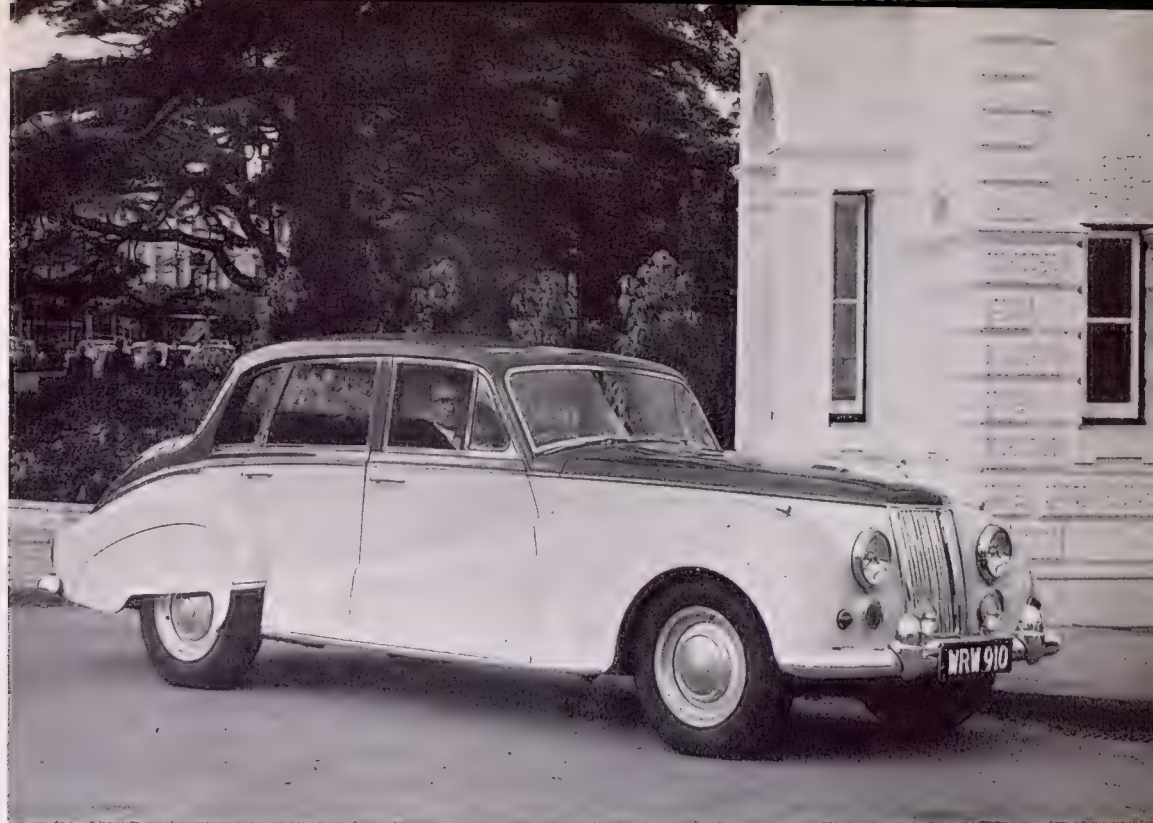
THE YEAR is 1960 and a girl in her twenties turns a cool, calmed face to the world. For the look of the hour is cool not chilly, pretty but non-frilly. Take a long look at the girl alongside—she has a pretty profile, certainly, but any features would look better under this smooth roofing by Michael at Simon of Knightsbridge. Watch the way her hair slides into place, stopping short and lengthening the neck. Notice the waves that fall beside the face. She couldn't have got away with it in her teens but it's terribly good in the twenties. **Summer strategy** for her is simple and straightforward. Heat defeats an elaborate make-up, so she gives her skin a thin layer of *Eau Solaire* by Lancôme and six short hours later the skin is tanned in the nicest possible way (depth is controlled by the number of applications) and the resultant gilding is waterproof, non-staining and behaves like an ordinary tan. (Working note: be sure to *saturate* a small ball of cotton wool in the lotion and cover the area to be tanned in one operation. Otherwise you run the risk of irregular coverage.) Over this she puts *Fond de Teint Solaire-Mat*—a protective foundation and non-shine suntan cream in four shades—*Tramontane*, *Pampero*, *Cyclone* and *Simoun*. She keeps her set in perfect order with Revlon's new *Living Curl* for hard-to-hold hair, which does what it says for hair ranging from fine to coarse. She smears Lenthéric's new lip colour *Honey Child* on the skin just at the back of her wrist and considers the pale tawny brown on her skin tone. Days are made with the cooling refreshment of iced tea. Formula: a glassful of amber tea, topped with ice, crushed fresh mint and pure lemon juice.



MOTORING

The funeral of the coarse style

Gordon Wilkins



The Star Sapphire—last of the Armstrong-Siddeleys

DO YOU STILL REMEMBER THE PANG of dismay I felt when I first saw an Armstrong-Siddeley Star Sapphire? It is never an agreeable thing to see a fine old company committing suicide. There was and is a real place for a good car between the Bentley and the Jaguar, and taking the original Sapphire as a starting point, Armstrong-Siddeley had pursued a wise technical policy. They announced a stiff increase in price, and offered in exchange a bigger engine giving an effortless surge of torque for swift acceleration, with automatic transmission, power-assisted steering and servo-assisted brakes at no extra cost. There was also an ingenious device which allowed the driver to preselect the speed at which the transmission changed up from second gear to top.

The interior was finished in top quality but unfortunately in a slightly dated style and, worst of all, nothing had been done about the shape of the body. Indeed some of the directors seemed blissfully unaware that there was anything wrong with it and had cheerfully accepted some garish colour schemes which accentuated its defects. They had obtained some suggestions from a top Italian stylist but decided not to use them and so ensured the inevitable end.

I took a Star Sapphire on a 1,200 mile Continental tour last year and found it a delightful car; fast, quiet and extremely comfortable, but all too obviously its appearance killed any hopes of

export sales. It could only find a market among well-to-do English ladies who buy the grotesque and shapeless shoes one sees displayed by old-established bespoke shoemakers, south of Piccadilly, and among well-heeled gentlemen whose vision of the world stops short at the cliffs of Dover. Unfortunately for car manufacturers, many of these customers have been excluded from the market by surtax and purchase tax.

It is sad to think that only a year ago when Armstrong-Siddeley combined with the Engine Division of the Bristol Aeroplane Company to form Bristol-Siddeley Engines, the deputy chairman told the apprentices: "Let no one think that the merger of these two powerful companies will do anything but strengthen our combined position in the motor industry."

Armstrong-Siddeley remain active in aero engines and big diesel engines, and down at Bristol the other half of the partnership continues to make cars, but I should be surprised if their output reached even the 20 a week achieved by Armstrong-Siddeley. To put what was basically a pre-war German B.M.W. design into production looked like a quick way of entering the car industry after the war, but it should have been followed by an original modern design. An interesting light alloy chassis with new suspension was bought from E.R.A. and raced under the Bristol name, but nothing of it went into production and they have been experimenting with

a new engine for as many years as it takes Ferrari or Maserati months to produce a completely new car.

This sad tale of lost opportunities was sharply highlighted when the mighty Bristol Aeroplane Company was reduced to announcing with pride that it had been entrusted with the important task of making plastic bodies for Lotus—Lotus, designed, developed and made world-famous by Colin Chapman, who was an unknown apprentice when Bristol first switched some of their vast resources to car manufacture!

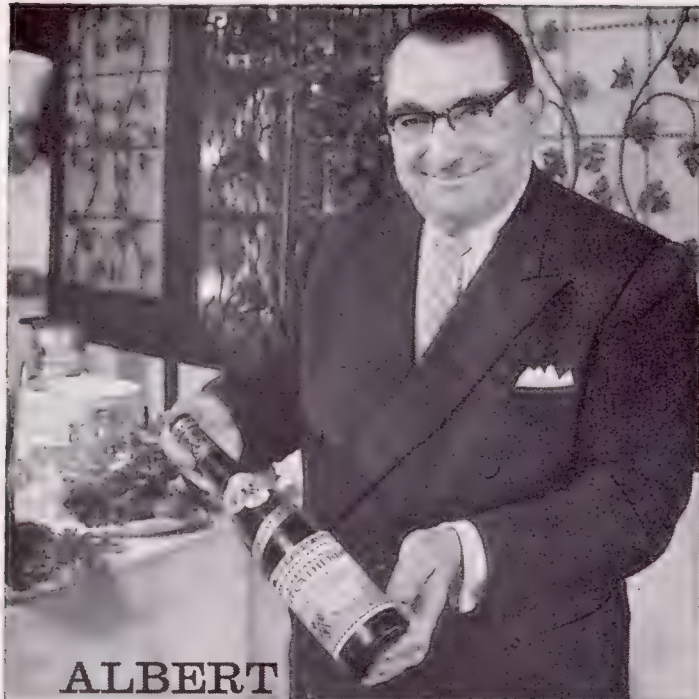
Daimler, too, the oldest of them all, has been swallowed up. They are successful builders of bus chassis and a few years ago when the Daimler Conquest was selling briskly at the appropriate price of £1,066, including tax, it looked as if they might stage a comeback in the car market. But they failed to follow it up and prices rose steadily. They produced a gruesome-looking prototype for a new Lanchester which was wisely interred without ceremony. New hopes were raised when Mr. John Sangster won a spectacular battle for control in 1956. The One-o-Four saloon was redesigned to become the 3.8-litre Majestic and an exciting new range of 2½-litre cars was promised. The new 2½-litre light-alloy engine is indeed an excellent design but the appearance of the sports car in which it was installed raised no hopes that Daimler could solve their own styling problems. And as they were apparently unwilling to employ

outside talent which might have done the job for them, one can only applaud the wisdom of the decision to sell out to Jaguar rather than waste millions in tooling up for the production of a saloon version.

In the present-day world the production of quality cars is a precarious occupation which demands a subtle blend of art and industry. It can only be continued successfully by managements who are enthusiastic motorists and maintain the closest contacts with the people who use their products.

Knowing the strong personal pride Sir William Lyons has in his own cars and the team that builds them, I was not surprised to learn that he had repudiated any idea of using the new Daimler V-eight engine in Jaguar cars—but it is a great deal lighter than his own engines and one hopes that some good use will be found for it.

Incidentally, the demise of Armstrong-Siddeley cars is a blow to people who operate limousines. Rootes, who long ago gave up making their own Humber Imperial limousines because it was uneconomic, had ordered some Armstrong-Siddeley limousines for their own chauffeur-drive hire service, a friendly arrangement which arose out of Armstrong-Siddeley help in the assembly of Sunbeam Alpine sports cars (which continue). Limousine buyers now have less choice than ever. Will Daimler stay in the limousine market? This and many other questions will now be exercising the shrewd mind of Sir William Lyons.



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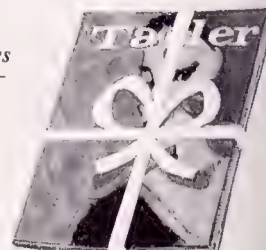


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DINING IN

Copy the
sea-cooks

by HELEN BURKE

AS CHIEFS AND GIFTED COOKS disappear from the great homes of this country, the lady of the house does more and more come to doing dishes for the cold table herself. Indeed, the shortage of these key-position people in the kitchen is partly responsible for the renaissance of cooking in this country. Roast beef is the first dish on any cold table—not left-over meat from the day before but a joint carved the first time, cold. I still remember the wonderful cold roast of a relation, a good many years ago. Twice a month she delivered a sirloin of beef by passenger train from Scotland. It was cooked one day and not carved till the next. In this way the delicious juices were retained and drained off and, further, the meat was carved more economically. Whatever the meat or poultry—fish, for that matter—on the cold table, a coating of aspic, though not essential, provides an

attractive finish. I know a gifted cook who hires herself out and one of her specialities is coating roast *entrecôte* and other cuts of meat with aspic she buys in a packet. This aspic is made as easily as a table jelly. Instead of all water, however, she uses half water and half dry white wine and claims it is a great hit.

The most magnificent cold table I have ever seen was on the Queen Elizabeth when I visited her at Southampton, just before she was due to sail, a year or so ago. Here there was everything—lobsters, whole salmon, sirloins of beef and other joints, chicken and other birds in aspic, whole hams, tongues and so on. Few of us can produce a show like this, but we can have something of the kind on a smaller scale.

Such special items as stuffed boned chicken, duck and turkey, which call for special skill, can be bought ready to serve. While it would be more satisfying to do the job oneself, the purchased foods will save one's nerves.

This past week I sought out in one of London's stores not only the cold joints and poultry available in the delicatessen department, but also the ready-to-eat foods in cans and jars. True, these latter are expensive but only in the same way as hiring a taxi is against using one's own car. They can prove to be quite economical—in time and

work, at any rate—when one is on a motor tour, sailing or caravanning.

Here is a selection of ready-to-eat cold table dishes: *Canard à l'Orange*, 27s. 6d.; boned duck in aspic, 17s. 6d.; canned whole Scotch grouse, 15s.; sliced Italian raw ham in cans, 13s. 6d. and 26s. 6d.; roast wild boar from Germany, 10s. 6d. a can, and *Poulet Roti* (Amieux), 33s. a can. Then there are, of course, Melton Mowbray pies ranging from 3s. 9d. to 11s. 9d., and others at 4s. a pound.

Here is a home-made chicken and ham pie which does not take too much time. The quantities are enough for 6 to 7 persons. It may be covered with puff, rough puff or short crust pastry and the last can be made with either plain or self-raising flour.

Choose a roaster of about 3 to 3½ lb. Joint and skin it and remove the thigh, drumstick and carcass bones, leaving the wings intact. Dust the chicken pieces with pepper, salt and a little grated nutmeg.

Place the chicken skin, bones and giblets, together with a pound or so of veal bones, in a pan with cold water to cover. Add pepper and salt to taste and a bouquet garni. Cover closely, bring to the boil and simmer for about 1½ hours.

Have ready 6 to 8 oz. cooked bacon cut in strips, and two quartered hard-boiled eggs.

Arrange the chicken meat, bacon

and eggs in layers in a pie-dish so that they reach a trifle above the rim of the dish. Pour in enough of the cold strained stock from the bones almost to come through. Roll out the pastry and cut a strip, damp the rim and place the strip on it, without stretching it.

Damp this band and place the top pastry on it, lightly pressing the two together. Trim off the edges by slanting the knife outwards in line with the dish, then make sharp thrusts horizontally all the way round the pastry with the knife. With the back of a pointed knife, draw in scallops all the way round the pastry at 1-inch intervals. Brush all over with beaten egg but avoid the cut edges.

Make a hole in the centre to allow steam to escape and arrange "leaves" of pastry, cut from the trimmings, all round it. Brush them, too, with beaten egg. If short pastry is used, bake for 1½ hours at 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6. If puff pastry is used, start at 470 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 9. After 15 minutes, cover the pie with greaseproof paper and lower heat to 375 degrees or gas mark 5 for the remaining time.

When the pie comes from the oven, place a funnel in the central hole and pour in enough reduced bone stock to cover the meat. Leave to become cold, when the stock will set in a delicious jelly.



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(Continued from previous page)

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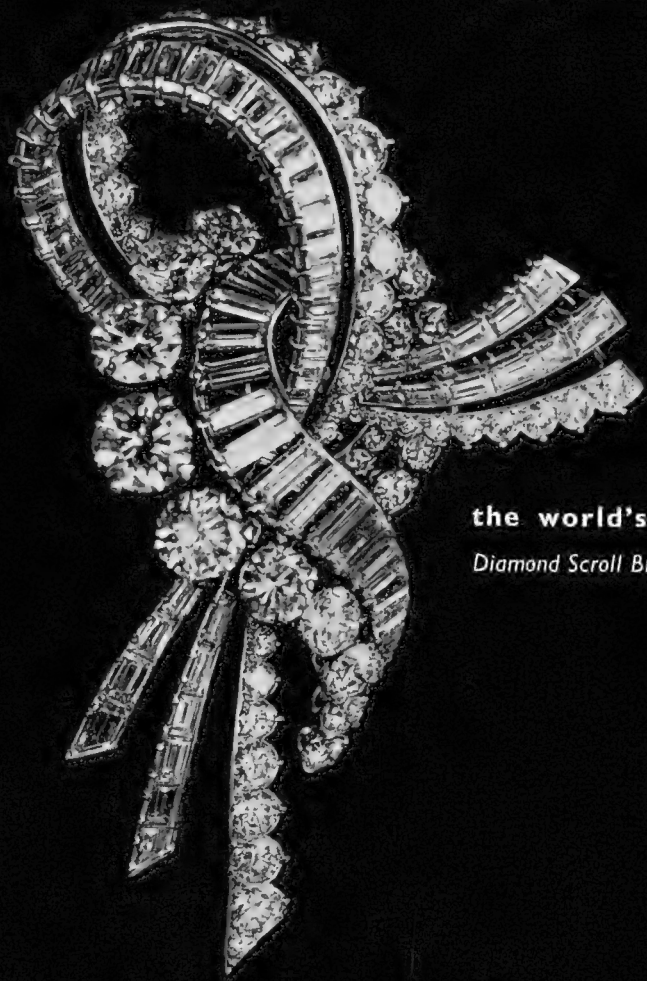
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